OCTOBER 28, 1981 • $1.50

Why Egypt Will Survive Sadat

Brustein Praises 'Nicholas Nickleby' • Reagan's Women • Delusions of Plenty

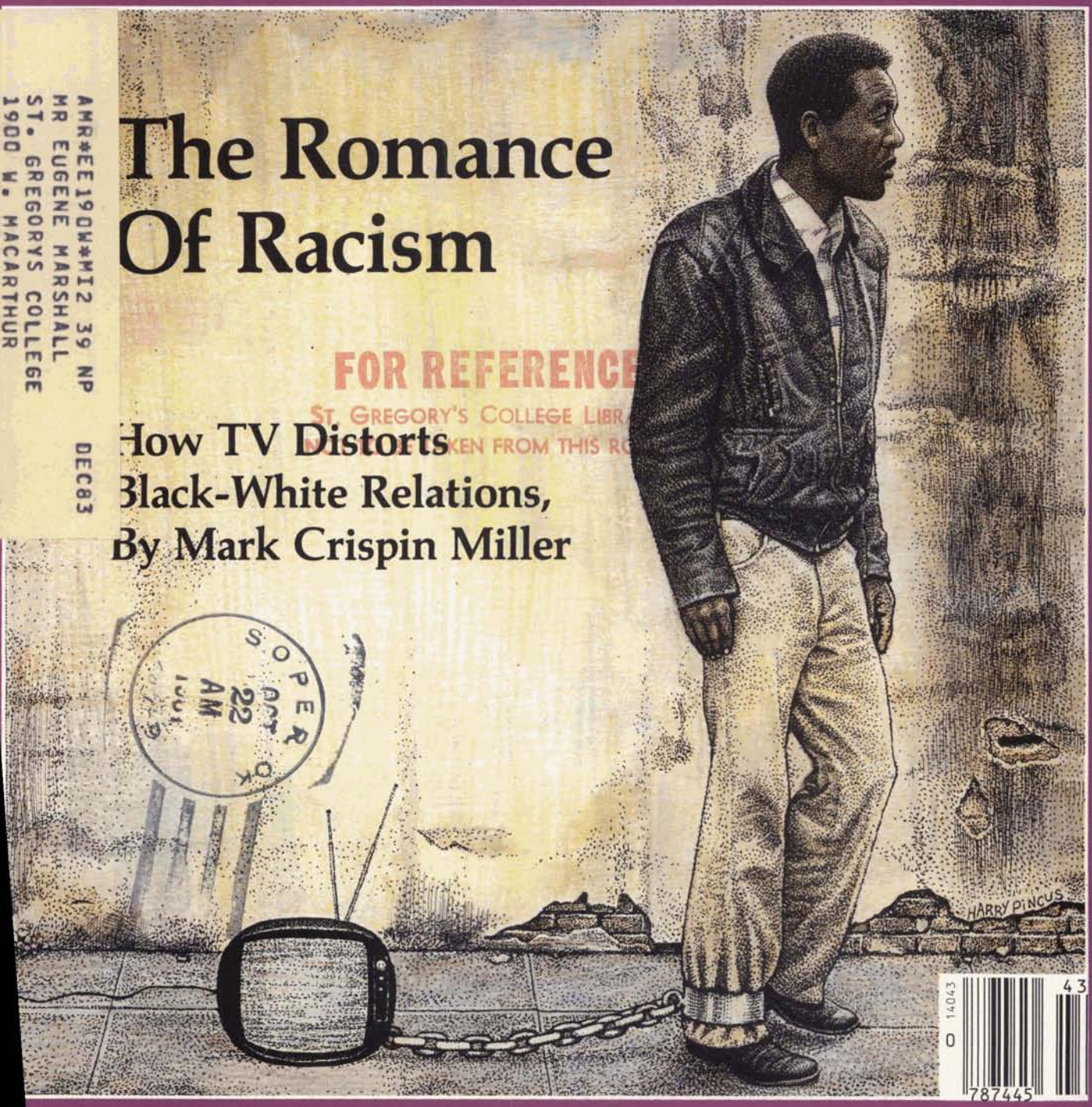
THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Romance Of Racism

FOR REFERENCE
ST. GREGORY'S COLLEGE LIBR
KEN FROM THIS RO

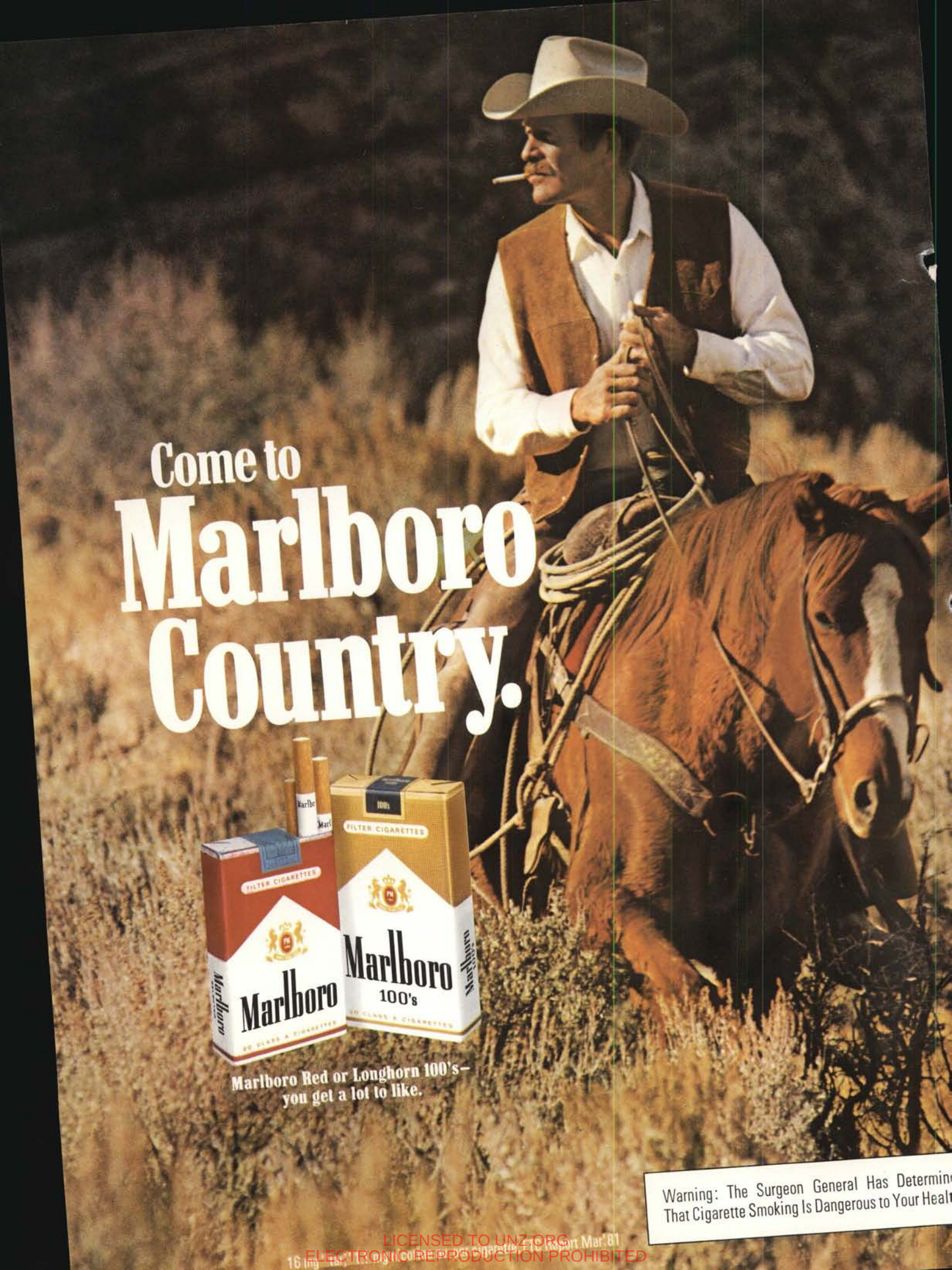
How TV Distorts Black-White Relations, By Mark Crispin Miller

AMR*EE190W*MI2 39 NP DEC83
MR EUGENE MARSHALL
ST. GREGORYS COLLEGE
1900 W. MACARTHUR



0 14043 43
787445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,485

WASHINGTON, D.C. — OCTOBER 28, 1981

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Literary Editor
JACK BEATTY
Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE
Associate Editor
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN — *Theater* ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
MARC GRANETZ
Associate Literary Editor
ANN HULBERT
Production Manager
MARIANNE JORDAN
Production Assistant
JENNIFER SOUR
Staff Writer
TIMOTHY NOAH
Assistant to the Editors
JOAN SHAFFER
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN, MICHAEL KINSLEY, NATHAN LEWIN, MARK CRISPIN MILLER, JOYCE CAROL OATES, PAUL ROBINSON, RONALD STEEL, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, LEON WIESELTIER
Interns
ELISA ISAACSON, MICHAEL A. LERNER, JOHN LIEBER

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Circulation Manager
REED PHILLIPS
Business Manager
FAYE V. PATTEN
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Associate
WINTER THOMASON
Assistant to the Publisher
CAROLYN WINSTON
Accounting Assistant
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.
Staff Associate
DAVID SEIDEMAN
Back Issues and Reception
TRACY SWANSON
Consultant
ROBERT A. COHEN

Phototypeset by 19th St. Graphix, Washington, DC. (202) 833-2250
Production Supervisor
KATHY SULLIVAN
Typesetting
MARLENE DAVIS, JOHN O'NEILL, LILA WARD
Graphics
KENNY GRADY, GEORGE KIBLER

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ... MCCARTHYISM REVISITED
Some new views of old Joe.

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... REAGAN'S WOMEN
Why the President has female troubles.
GREEKS AND JEWS
And Turks and Saudis.
ARGENTINA AGAIN
"Quiet"—i.e., weak—human rights diplomacy.
KINSLEY RAMPANT
Harper's (lucky magazine!) has a new editor.

7 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Democrats, TV licenses, churches, &c.

10 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: THE AWACS CRUSADE
How the Administration is peddling the plane.

12 **BRUCE HARDCASTLE** ..... REAGAN'S IBN KHALDUN
The best mind of the 14th century.

14 **WILLIAM TUCKER** ..... IN VITRO VERITAS
Abortion in a test tube.

17 **CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER** .... DOLLAR DIPLOMACY
Stability is their most important product.

20 **BARRY RUBIN** ..... WHAT MUBARAK INHERITS
The bullets that killed Sadat did not kill Egypt's distinctive political culture.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: FREEDOMS
Refugees in Switzerland, homosexuals in Berlin.

25 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER:
IN THE CONSTRUCTIVE ELEMENT, IMMERSE
Nicholas Nickleby is a triumph.

27 **MARK CRISPIN MILLER** ..... ON TELEVISION: BLACK AND WHITE
TV's new racial stereotypes: the noble loser and the wicked racist.

28 **DEBORA GREGER** ..... POEM *In This Life*

31 **GARRETT HARDIN** ..... DR. PANGLOSS MEETS CASSANDRA
The Ultimate Resource by Julian L. Simon

35 **DAVID HERBERT DONALD** .... AN AMBIGUOUS FIGURE
George Washington Carver by Linda O. McMurry

36 **ANN HULBERT** ..... THE AWKWARD AGE
The Adolescent Idea by Patricia Meyer Spacks
The Adolescent by Daniel Offer, Eric Ostrov, and Kenneth I. Howard
Vivienne by John E. Mack and Holly Hickler

39 **VALERIE BROOKS** ..... BRIEF REVIEW *Old Glory* by Jonathan Raban

42 **CAMBRIDGE DIARIST** ..... CONDEMNED

COVER Drawing by Harry Pincus for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 27.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 185, Number 17, Issue 3,485, October 28, 1981. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 3, July 11, August 8, and August 29) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18.

© 1981 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers**: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

McCarthyism Revisited

I got burned by Joe McCarthy once. Back in the 1950s, I was reading his book, *McCarthyism*, which begins with a flashback. The Senator sat in the Senate caucus room on March 8, 1950, waiting to testify, and he looked down to the press table where a seemingly respectable reporter was ostentatiously shaking hands with Rob Hall of the Communist *Daily Worker*. These two reporters, McCarthy wrote, sat "cheek by jowl" all through the hearing and he read "the venomous distorted parallel stories which they both wrote." Who was the other reporter, the "respectable" one? Why, goodness me, *I* was! It seems funny now, because the incident never happened, but in the hysteria of those days, when fear was all around us, it was nothing to laugh about. In a protracted career it was about my only wound stripe.

One correspondent of those days was Edwin R. Bayley of the *Milwaukee Journal*, now dean of the school of journalism at Berkeley. His book, *Joe McCarthy and the Press* (University of Wisconsin) has just been published. It is fascinating, though written primarily for the trade. Bayley argues that Joe McCarthy created a revolution in U.S. journalism, in the shift from "straight" to interpretive reporting. TV illustrates what is happening, he says; what the reader wants from the press is interpretation—*why* it's happening. McCarthy helped bring the change because his lunatic rise was built on exploitation of so-called objective reporting. He was a U.S. Senator and he said he held in his hand a list of 205 known Communists in the State Department (a few days later he amended the number to 57) and the reporters reported what he said without adding that the documents didn't bear this out.

America has had demagogues before, but McCarthy was our first and only national demagogue. He was a liar and a rogue, and a borderline alcoholic with a kind of wet-puppy innocence. Our salvation was that he didn't believe in his own crusade; he was in it for kicks and power. Samuel Shaffer's revealing book *On and Off the Floor* (Newsweek) tells how McCarthy prepared himself for an evening party. Already a little drunk, he would go to the refrigerator, take out a quarter-pound stick of butter, bite off half, and swallow it. "That helps hold my liquor better," he explained with a big grin. No one who watched that hysteria come and go will ever feel quite secure again. He had General Eisenhower scared. Ike was running against Stevenson in 1952 and he was coming to Milwaukee with a passage in his speech praising General George Marshall, his benefactor. But McCarthy was going to speak from the same platform, and McCarthy had attacked Marshall in a Senate speech the previous year. Ike dropped the Marshall paragraph (an incident I remember when revisionist historians try to upgrade the amiable Ike.)

Could it happen again? I suspect it could. We have a recurrent hysteria-cycle in this country and a habit of impugning motives, particularly in foreign policy. Republicans led by the respectable Bob Taft charged that Yalta was a sell-out and a betrayal, much as they attack the SALT II treaty today. In the House of Representatives Nixon co-sponsored a bill to register Communists, and later promised in 1952, when running for vice president, to make Communist subversion "the theme of every speech from now until the election." Today the Senate has just revived its Judiciary Subcommittee to investigate terrorism, under arch-conservative Chairman Jeremiah Denton, Republican of Alabama, and the Reagan Administration is pushing an executive order to relax the present guidelines governing covert activities by the Central Intelligence Agency. "A new security mania seems all too possible," says *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker.

The Reverend Timothy Healy, president of Georgetown University, upon opening a new campus in Washington, assails the Moral Majority and asks if what he calls a "new righteousness" is coming to America like Know-Nothingism, the Ku Klux Klan, McCarthyism. William F. Buckley Jr., editor of the *National Review*, instantly rises in anger. I admire Buckley. He is the one publicist I know who can still cling to his old love affair with Joe McCarthy and get away with it. One should revere such loyalty. He wrote a book with a colleague called *McCarthy and His Enemies*, in which he declared "McCarthyism . . . is a movement around which men of goodwill and stern morality can close ranks." So far as I know he hasn't changed his position. Now he assails President Healy for his desecration of the shrine, and declares, "If Senator McCarthy ever spoke so categorically and so spitefully against any American group as Father Healy has spoken against the Moral Majority, I'd like to see that statement and blush for him."

It seems a little odd that Buckley has forgotten that it was McCarthy who in his Senate speech on June 14, 1951, questioned the patriotism of General George Marshall, and declared that his fellows had participated in "a great conspiracy, a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man." For no reason that any of us at the time could consider adequate, McCarthy called Marshall "a man so steeped in falsehood, who has recourse to the lie whenever it suits his convenience." He also charged the entire Democratic party "with 20 years of treason."

Here was a reckless figure who ruined other men's lives, persuaded half the people on the Gallup poll that he was exposing a real conspiracy, helped unseat one Administration and elect another, and, for a while, paralyzed Presidents and froze world affairs. He was censured by the Senate in a vote of 67 to 22 on December 2, 1954. The bottle finished him. "By golly," said Eisenhower, "sometimes you sure get tired of all that clackety-clack. . . ."

Ed Bayley's new study says the press did its duty in the McCarthy story. It didn't furnish the information the people needed until too late. It was "objective" when it should have interpreted. Its wolf-pack descent on McCarthy at the end also hardly counts; by then "it was easy and unimportant." But, he adds in a nice final paragraph, for those journalists who recognized the threat from the first, for those "who took a stand when opposition to McCarthy rendered one's patriotism suspect," why, for them, he concludes, "it was a glorious time. History has given them too little credit."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 28, 1981

REAGAN'S WOMEN

As the President of the United States is fond of pointing out, it's a bum rap that in the movies Ronald Reagan never got the girl. There were times when he did. The election of 1980—the first in which men and women differed significantly in their choice of candidates—was not one of those times. Women, a CBS News-*New York Times* exit poll found, voted against Mr. Reagan in exactly the same proportion that men voted for him: by 54 percent. Mr. Reagan is more popular now than he was on Election Day. But women remain unconvinced, and the gender gap has widened. Less than half of American women think he is doing a good job, according to a recent Harris poll, as against a macho 62 percent of American men.

The causes of this considerable difference of opinion between men and women presumably go beyond the parochial interests of women as such (if the interests of a majority of the population can be truly described as parochial); women, for example, are notably less enthusiastic than men about foreign policy chest-thumping. Nor can the disparity be explained by the disdain of the President and his men for the kind of radical feminism that once flourished in the coastal enclaves of the counterculture. "Women's lib" was never especially popular, and now it is no longer even fashionable. But if this Administration has a problem with women, no one should be surprised. As the record of the past ten months amply demonstrates, women have a problem with this Administration.

At a White House luncheon on October 7, Mr. Reagan, addressing women's concerns for the first time as President, argued that his economic program, by helping "all Americans," will help women. And if the far from certain benefits of that program turn out to be as evenly spread as its promoters have promised, then the President will be seen to have had a point. But women as a class are poorer, economically weaker, and politically more marginal than men—and it is precisely the poor, the weak, and the marginal whom Mr. Reagan has designated to bear the burden of carrying the country back to prosperity. Willy-nilly, therefore, both the reductions in the social services budgets and the regressive changes in the tax code are disproportionately harmful to women.

Since women comprise almost three-fourths of the nation's elderly poor, the cuts in programs like Social Security, food stamps, and Medicare are especially hard on those who have the misfortune to be old as well as female. Mr. Reagan was forced to drop his proposed abolition of the $122-a-week minimum Social Security payment, the great majority of whose recipients are women, but other cuts have gone forward. Day care, for instance, must now compete (along with programs for the elderly and services for battered women) for a share of state block grant money, which has already diminished by 25 percent. This will make it hard for mothers who want to work to do so, and it will force many working mothers just above the poverty line to quit their jobs and go on welfare. Aid to Families With Dependent Children has been cut by eight percent, which, according to Richard Schweiker, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, is supposed to affect "only" 17.6 percent of the recipients. But a study by the Southern Regional Council, released last week, predicted that, in the 11 Southern states at least, the true figure will be 60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

percent. If that pattern holds true nationwide, then 6.6 million people who are already flat broke will lose all or part of their benefits. Aboard this Administration's economic Titanic, this is what is meant by women and children first. Or, to shift the metaphor, the battle cry of this Administration in the fight for economic recovery is the same as that of the New Left street demonstrators of the pre-feminist mid-1960s: Chicks Up Front.

DURING his campaign, Mr. Reagan explained his position on the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution by saying he was for the E and the R but not the A. The way to achieve equal rights, he said, is statute by statute. As President he has indeed proceeded statute by statute—but to weaken the statutes, not strengthen them. For example, Mr. Reagan's Task Force on Regulatory Reform, headed by Vice President Bush, has trained its sights on two provisions pertaining to women's rights: the guidelines on sexual harassment in the workplace instituted by President Carter last year, which the Task Force says are too vague to enforce; and Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, which the Task Force says would compel schools and colleges to spend as much on field hockey as on football. But sexual harassment is a real problem, not an imaginary one, and the good example set by the federal government has encouraged many businesses to do something about it on their own. We see no reason why that good example should now be withdrawn. As for Title IX, it mandates equal opportunity to participate in sports, not equal spending for all programs. We fail to see what is wrong with that. In addition, the Labor Department has recommended that affirmative action guidelines dating back to 1965 be relaxed, and that the purview of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, which administers the guidelines, be reduced sharply. We are quite aware of the philosophical and practical problems associated with affirmative action, which at its best is a kind of homeopathic social medicine that uses small unfairnesses in the present to cure large ones left over from the past; but we have no faith that this Administration's retreat from it will serve the ends of justice.

We happen to believe in all three letters of the ERA. Unfortunately no state has ratified it for the past five years, and in the present climate there is no chance the amendment's supporters can enlist the required three additional state legislatures in the nine months that are left before the deadline for ratification expires. This hard political reality is why we think the Democratic Party is ill-advised to deny help to otherwise acceptable candidates who decline to endorse the ERA. But the fight is still worth making, because the ERA remains a useful tool for (to resurrect an old phrase) consciousness-raising. On its merits, the ERA was a good idea a half-century ago, when the League of Women Voters first proposed it, and it still is. According to poll after poll, most Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike, continue to agree.

At the 1980 Republican convention, ERA occasioned the closest facsimile of a real fight. The nominee's handlers were sufficiently worried about the impact of his opposition to it that at the last minute they shoehorned a mollifying paragraph into his acceptance speech. The heart of it was a proposal to "establish a liaison with the 50 governors to eliminate, wherever it occurs, discrimination against women." This is a President who (intermittently) keeps his promises, and, sure enough, he has now established a clumsy program called the Fifty States Project for Women, which is supposed to ferret out discriminatory state legislation. It consists of 50 gubernatorial aides plus a junior White House assistant, and it was at its first and possibly last meeting that Mr. Reagan made his October 7 remarks. He had little to say apart from reminding his audience that Sandra Day O'Connor now sits on the Supreme Court—and whatever his motives, whatever his overall record in appointing women to office (it is abysmal, by the way), he deserves credit for that appointment. But the depth of his commitment to equal rights for women may be measured by the fact that his approach to it, as to so many other problems, is to cut it up into 50 tiny pieces and then pray to God that the flotsam quietly dissolves. Doomed though it may be, ERA remains the best test of a political commitment to the principle it embodies. Like many of the President's favorite homilies, ERA is a one-liner ("Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex"); and while some advocates of women's rights may feel that there are better uses for their energies than fighting for its ratification, only a very quirky constitutional curmudgeon could combine outright opposition to it with a sincere belief in the civil equality of women. Mr. Reagan is not that curmudgeon. His opposition to ERA is of a piece with his deplorable record on women's rights and women's welfare. He sometimes got the girl in the movies, but the next time the country goes to the polls it may just be the women who get him.

Greeks And Jews

In 1975, because of events in Cyprus, the United States imposed an embargo on the supply of arms to Turkey. In the years that followed, the Carter Administration, recognizing that the embargo had been a disastrous error, made a number of attempts to pursuade Congress to lift it. For a long time these efforts

(continued on page 8)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

PARTY CHIEFTAINS

To the editors:

Timothy Noah's article on Chuck Manatt ("Organization Manatt," TNR, October 7) disturbs me because I do not know what kind of personality Noah expected of a political party chieftain. In a time of technical media dominating political campaigning, Manatt, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, fits the role of an effective political party leader.

As far as the Democrats standing for something, that is up to the Democrats who hold public office, specifically people like Senator Bill Bradley, Senator Joseph Biden, and Representative James Florio who realize the days of F.D.R. are over and are willing to devise new progressive political ideas which are in step with the traditional voters and supporters of the Democratic Party—the blue-collar, union-paying, middle-class workers and disadvantaged minorities.

Nicholas J. Antonicello Jr.
North Arlington, New Jersey

TV WASTELAND

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley's observation that broadcasting licensure is a government grant of a marketable and valuable privilege is only one aspect of the evils of the Federal Communications Commission ("High on the Hog, IV: Gifts of the Nation," TNR, October 14).

Licensure also tends to ensure that minority opinions, particularly new or subversive opinions, will not be heard. The F.C.C.'s Fairness Doctrine and equal time provisions generate disincentives for the broadcast journalist to cover Libertarian or Citizens Party candidates—since to do so would leave the broadcaster vulnerable to providing even more time to hundreds of lesser new parties and candidates. The F.C.C. directives to broadcasters to "serve the local community" produce a huge subsidy to religious programming, including that of New Right political ministries—since F.C.C. Bluebooks have historically identified religious programming as the paradigm of public-spirited broadcasting. The de facto rule that a person or company cannot own two stations in one market causes all broadcasters to pursue profit-maximizing strategies of aiming for the lowest common denominator of the local market. For if a broadcaster owned two stations in the same market he or she would not want to compete with himself or herself for the mass market, but would diversify and offer gay or Hispanic or fine-arts oriented programming on one station, in order to capture new markets. The F.C.C. is a violation of free speech, and is responsible for the "vast wasteland" of commercial programming.

Bruce Majors
Students for a Libertarian Society
Annapolis, Maryland

AGAINST INDEXING

To the editors:

Your editorial "Out on a Limb" (TNR, October 14) pleads for a Democratic tax plan to include indexing, "which protects ordinary taxpayers against inflation." You and others, including the Reagan Administration, overlook the unordinary taxpayers—those who save for their American Dream and those who live on some or all of their savings income. For them, indexing (condoned inflation) guarantees that the purchasing power of their savings will be continually eroded.

Philip Borkat
Cleveland, Ohio

PRESIDENTIAL CANNIBALISM

To the editors:

TRB in "Demonstrations" (TNR, October 7) gives us the word: "No doubt about it, this is a crisis of confidence." The process of presidential cannibalism has begun. Starting with dramatic inauguration "honeymoon" feelings, the cycle continues inexorably to doubt, crises of confidence, and finally tossing the stripped bones aside and hailing the next victim. Let not Democrats crow and gloat; as the process destroys Reagan, their turn will come. Republican or Democrat, Great Society or Reaganomics; in the end when the country is paralyzed by indecision and no important decisions are being made, we will have only ourselves to blame.

Tim Queeney
Stamford, Connecticut

IDENTITY AND PREJUDICE

To the editors:

In his provocative essay on Hannah Arendt, Leon Wieseltier at one point displays the same one-sidedness for which he rightly chides her. It will not do to seek the origins of modern anti-Semitism *only* "in certain aspects of German history, and French history, and Russian history," yet in the context of Wieseltier's assertion, this limitation must be what he intends. He implies that Jews had nothing to do with the development of anti-Semitism—that it would have arisen in spite of anything they did or were. But in fact Jews always had a choice that blacks—to whom he compares them—did not: they could disappear. It is, of course, repulsive to hold Jews at fault for not wishing to disappear. And it is no defense of anti-Semitism to observe that it is continually reinvigorated by Jews' desire for distinctive identity, yet this factor cannot be ignored.

In this respect, modern anti-Semitism resembles its Christian and pre-Christian forebears. The Jews strive for acceptance but insist on remaining unlike "the others." This combination has been a constant feature of their history, and resentment has been one of its most persistent consequences.

Robert Goldenberg
SUNY at Stony Brook
Long Island, New York

THE CHURCHES' VOICE

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's article "Holy Fools" (TNR, September 19) is a masterful rhetorical attack on the World Council of Churches. Unfortunately, Krauthammer's commitment to rhetorical flourish has produced a trite analysis that disregards both basic facts and the reality of world poverty, which has propelled the W.C.C. into a prophetic stance.

"Holy Fools" repeats criticism of the W.C.C. for supporting the struggle for liberation in Southern Africa. In the interests of fairness one would expect credit to be given to the W.C.C. for its support for the negotiations that resulted in the change from Rhodesia to

(continued on page 39)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were unsuccessful, thanks almost entirely to the resolute opposition of the Greek government in Athens and of the Greek-American community in the United States. The latter, including a number of prominent politicals, with a degree of single-mindedness and outspokenness never equalled and rarely even approached by the Jews, took positions on the embargo issue that were sometimes more uncompromising than those of the Greek government itself.

The comparison to the current argument over the Awacs deal is instructive. The foreign country concerned was not a dubious associate, seeking protection yet refusing facilities, but a full ally—indeed, one of the most loyal and effective members of NATO. The items involved were not some new ultra-secret system, the dispatch of which brought unquestionable advantages to the purchaser and involved serious security risks to the seller; what was embargoed was the normal supply of arms to a NATO ally. At risk for the United States were not unspecified future benefits from hypothetical moderation, but things more concrete and specific: the American bases and listening posts in Turkey, and the whole southeastern flank of NATO. And indeed the maintenance of the embargo did do grave damage to the Western defensive position in the eastern Mediterranean. Another difference is that while opposition to the Awacs deal derives from many sources and is far wider and deeper than anything that the Jews alone could organize, the opposition to raising the embargo was virtually restricted to the Greeks and their sympathizers.

Despite all this, no warning was issued to the government of Greece not to interfere in American politics; there was no rebuke to Greek Americans and no suggestion that they might be guilty of foreign allegiance or dual loyalty; no politician invited members of Congress to choose between Carter and Caramanlis, a formulation which, while it lacks the commercial jingle quality of Reagan-or-Begin, has the advantage not only of alliteration but also of accuracy. On the contrary, there was no suggestion that American citizens of Greek origin were in any way at fault in exercising their rights, as free citizens of a free society, to do all in their power within the law to further a cause in which they believed. Certainly there was nothing to parallel the recent attempts by some defenders of the Awacs deal to play on Gentile prejudice and Jewish fears.

Why the difference? No doubt one reason is that the Turks, unlike the Arabs, lacked both the resources and the skill (perhaps even the desire) to use the weapon of prejudice against their adversaries. And a more serious question remains: does such a weapon even exist for use against Greek Americans as it certainly does for use against Jewish Americans? It is a question with deeply disturbing implications which should be carefully considered both by those who use this kind of appeal and by those who respond to it.

Argentina Again

On September 30 President Reagan received congressional endorsement for his policy of "quiet diplomacy" toward the brutalities of friendly right-wing regimes. At the urging of the White House, the Senate repealed all existing human rights conditions on U.S. economic and military aid to Argentina. Introduced by Senator Nancy Kassebaum, Republican of Kansas, the Argentina amendment abolishes a provision in the foreign aid bill that hinges U.S. assistance on significant improvement of the human rights situation in that country. Instead, the Senate inserted a resolution that expresses the "hope" that the military junta will behave more kindly in the future.

Congress banned all sales to Argentina in 1977 for good reason. Since the military junta took power in 1976, over 15,000 persons have "disappeared"—a euphemism for kidnapping, imprisonment, torture, and murder by the Argentine security force. Those who advocate repealing the ban claim there has been "significant improvement" in human rights since the legislation was enacted. Given the deplorable record of the junta's first years in power, these claims are correct. But although the number of documented disappearances have declined, groups like Amnesty International, the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, and the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights maintain that the rate of harassment, detention, and other abuses has not. In June the American Association for the Advancement of Science released a report on the continued disappearance and torture of scientists in Argentina. Argentina journalist Jacobo Timerman's book, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, documents the government's condoned anti-Semitism and the torture Timerman underwent during his 30-month prison term. The State Department's own 1981 human rights report lists ongoing abuses of human rights in the country, and says the situation is "very serious."

Despite these and other reports, supporters of the amendment argue that since the number of disappearances and prisoners held arbitrarily by the National Executive Power has decreased, Argentina should be rewarded. They argue, somewhat illogically, that if the ban on arms sales is not repealed, the human rights situation will again deteriorate. Noting Argentina's strategic importance for the United States, Senator Kassebaum warned her colleagues that "we should not be discouraging reasonable interaction between Argentina and the United States by erecting yet another hurdle for our potential friends to jump over before we condescend to having a normal, friendly relationship."

Yet, if the human rights situation in Argentina has at all improved, it can only be a credit to the ban. Dur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the greatest books ever written can't be found in bookstores.

Read any good books lately?

The answer to this question started something at TIME-LIFE BOOKS. The editors began exchanging their favorite books. They shared works that stretched their imaginations, made them laugh, took them to far-off places, and challenged their thinking.

They turned up great books by little-known authors and little-known books by great authors. Fiction and fact . . . thick books and thin . . . old and new.

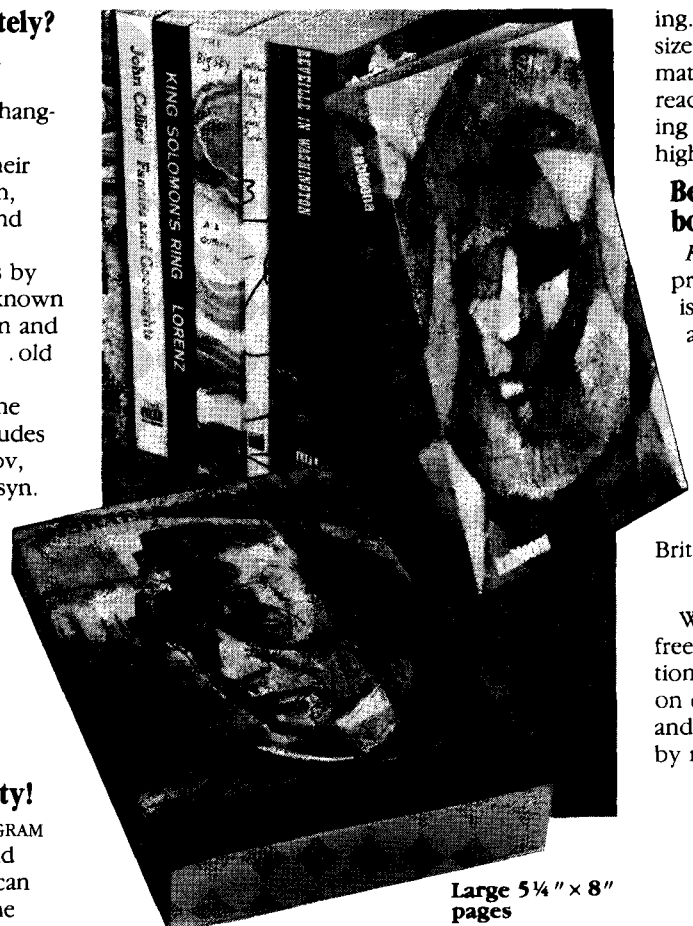
And the project grew into the TIME READING PROGRAM. It includes the *works* of Thurber, Nabokov, Mencken, Marquand, Solzhenitsyn. And it brings you the *lives* of Napoleon, Disraeli, John Paul Jones, Galileo, and Woodrow Wilson.

Many of the volumes in this wide-ranging, comprehensive library are no longer available. If it weren't for the TIME READING PROGRAM, they would be out of print.

A wonderful opportunity!

Now the TIME READING PROGRAM offers you a chance to read and collect these rarer books that can change the way you look at the world around you.

The first-rate literature available to you is matched by fine craftsmanship in the printing and binding. All the books are the same size so that you'll have a beautifully matched library. The type is easy to read (bigger than what you're reading now). The paper is of rich high quality.



Large 5¼" × 8" pages

Special prefaces and introductions **Completely unabridged text**

Begin with two outstanding books — both out of print.

Kabloona by Gontran de Poncins presents spellbinding adventure. It is a brillant account of a French aristocrat who went to live with the Eskimos in 1938. There is nothing in print quite like it, and nothing like it could ever be written again. *Disraeli* by André Maurois is a biography with wit, style, humor. You'll meet the Prime Minister who led Britain to the height of its Empire.

Here's how it works:

We'll send you these two books free for 10 days. There's no obligation to buy. Please read full details on coupon and send for *Kabloona* and *Disraeli* today! Available only by mail from TIME-LIFE BOOKS!

Begin with
Kabloona
and
Disraeli
FREE for 10 days!

TIME LIFE BOOKS

FREE Book Bag

Yours when you circle the bag on the order form.

TIME READING PROGRAM

Time & Life Building Chicago, Illinois 60611 CZAZ79

YES! I would like to examine *Kabloona* and *Disraeli*. Please send them to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the TIME READING PROGRAM. If I decide to keep *Kabloona* and *Disraeli*, I will pay a total of $7.95 plus shipping and handling for *both* volumes. I will then receive future volumes in the TIME READING PROGRAM, shipped one set at a time approximately every other month. Each two-volume set is $7.95 plus shipping and handling,* and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of sets that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Kabloona* and *Disraeli*, I will return the books within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled and I will be under no further obligation. **All orders subject to credit approval.**

CZAOD5

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____ **Apt.** _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

***Price slightly higher in Canada.** **(or Province)** **(or Postal Code)**

Great reading at a great price!

© 1981 TIME-LIFE BOOKS INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing World War II, this "potential friend" sided with the Axis and became a haven for renegade Nazis. Four years ago, Argentina established an *entente-cordial* with Moscow and of course did not support Jimmy Carter's grain embargo after the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan. Argentina's President Roberto Viola has made it clear that Reagan's policy of detente toward the junta won't affect his country's relations with Moscow. Argentina refused to sign the nonproliferation treaty, and is suspected of pursuing nuclear arms capacity.

Perhaps the most startling argument proffered by the Administration for lifting the arms embargo is the Lefeveresque view that such legislation constitutes intervention in the internal affairs of Argentina, that human rights as an applied policy is an affront to a country's sovereignty. Yet this was precisely the argument the U.S. used for imposing the embargo in the first place. Congress felt that supplying arms to governments that used them for counterinsurgency constituted meddling in the domestic politics of other countries. It is widely acknowledged that the Argentine military junta's five years of repression and the country's dire economic situation have eroded the government's foundations. Clearly, one of Argentina's interests in lifting the ban is to obtain sophisticated military hardware to maintain the junta's hold upon the country. It would not be a wise strategic decision for the United States to supply arms to a teetering regime. But strategic arguments aside, it is not the role of the United States to abet the junta's suppression of civil liberties in Argentina.

Kinsley Rampant

For four and a half years, Michael Kinsley was first managing editor and then editor of The New Republic. In April, despite my importunings and delaying tactics, he stepped down from the editorship—or across from it—to devote himself, as a senior editor of TNR, to full-time writing. The body of work he produced in the ensuing months constitutes, among other things, a devastating and frequently hilarious critique of the intellectual pretensions of the new conservative economics. But even as his writing flowered, I had the sense that his time here was limited. He wanted, and fully deserved, the opportunity to run his own show. That opportunity came quickly. With next January's issue, Michael Kinsley takes over as editor of *Harper's* magazine. But he will stay on as a contributing editor of TNR, and we expect that he will appear with some frequency in these pages. We shared a vision of this magazine as one that would be incapable of the automatic or dogmatic response, militantly skeptical of everything except the value of political freedom and social fairness. In times like these, it will be good to have at least one other magazine moved by that vision.—**M.P.**

Coming
Nicholas von Hoffman on Papal Economics.

White House Watch

The Awacs Crusade

THE AWACS FIGHT is teaching us something interesting about the operating methods of the Reagan White House: it prefers not to have to handle more than one big issue at a time, especially when Congress is involved. The Awacs fight may also teach the White House something: it can't be done that way. President Reagan decided in early March to make Awacs a part of his arms package for Saudi Arabia. He formally decided after a National Security Council meeting in early April to go ahead with the sale, and the decision was announced April 21. But it was not until mid-September that lobbying for the sale began in earnest, by which time opponents of the sale had been waging a vigorous politics-and-propaganda campaign for a full five months, threatening Mr. Reagan with the first major defeat of his Presidency.

The Administration miscalculated badly, but it did so with its eyes open. State Department and Pentagon underlings warned their superiors that the sale was in deep trouble, but the strategy at the White House was to concentrate on passing the President's budget and tax proposals. That strategy, White House officials say, was set at the urging of Senate majority leader Howard Baker and other Republican legislative chiefs, who cautioned against overloading congressional circuits, Carter-style. At the time the White House won a lot of praise for its firm sense of priorities, but it seems clear in retrospect that the one-thing-at-a-time policy was overdone. Not only did the Administration avoid high-visibility lobbying of the kind that was being carried out against Awacs by the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, it also passed up the opportunity to offer low-key softening-up briefings on technical aspects of the sale to legislators and staffs. One senator, for example, said he had just one session with an Administration spokesman prior to September—in late July, when the Republican Wednesday Group invited Richard Allen, the President's national security assistant and Awacs point-man, for a lunch.

Another reason the Administration held off, said a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House aide, was that the State Department wanted to avoid embarrassing Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin by plumping for the Awacs deal during Mr. Begin's September 9-15 visit to the U.S. "We lost at least a week or ten days before and during Begin's visit," he said. "Meanwhile, Begin himself was lobbying like crazy and Packwood was busy getting his signatures." By September 17, Senator Robert Packwood, Republican of Oregon, had collected a total of 50 senatorial signatures, including his own, on a resolution of disapproval. He eventually got 51.

ON TOP OF the delays, White House aides acknowledge, the Awacs campaign was initially plagued by intra-Administration disorganization and rivalry. "This has been 300 percent more difficult than the economic policy fight," one top assistant said. "In that one, everyone was pulling on the same oar. In this one, there has been jockeying for credit and over who can talk to whom. A lot of games have been played."

In devising and selling its economic package, the White House made use of a staff structure that was not immediately brought into play for Awacs. The policy was developed through the Cabinet Council on Economic Affairs, headed by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. The job of selling it to Congress was then turned over to the top-level Legislative Strategy Group, a high-powered task force authorized to dicker with legislators, make changes in policy proposals (subject to presidential approval), and devise media plans to get the legislation passed. During the tax and budget fights, the L.S.G. met daily or even oftener. The core group consisted of Mr. Regan, White House counselor Edwin Meese, chief of staff James Baker, communications director David Gergen, legislative liaison chief Max Friedersdorf, budget director David Stockman, Cabinet secretary Craig Fuller, and presidential assistant Richard Darman, staff secretary of the L.S.G. During the economic fight, the L.S.G. became one of the most influential (though informal and little-known) organizations in the government.

But for some reason the L.S.G. did not take immediate charge of Awacs. Instead, it was assigned first to an 18-member interagency task force headed by Under Secretary of Defense Fred Ikle, and then, in late June, to Richard Allen, who organized three (later four) legislative visitation teams (originally designated "red," "white," and "blue") to brief members of Congress. Mr. Allen also formed an Awacs strategy group—consisting of himself, Mr. Ikle, and State Department officials James Buckley and Robert McFarlane—which met at 5:30 each evening and took the role (but lacked the power) of the L.S.G. Each time Mr. Allen sought to negotiate with Saudi Arabia—as, for example, during a five-hour session September 24 with Prince Bandar ibn Sultan and Senator John Glenn of Ohio—he ran afoul of State Department types jealous of their turf. With every criticism of Mr. Allen which reached the press—and there were plenty—Mr. Allen poked back at the State Department.

Not only were the State Department and the N.S.C. feuding, according to White House officials, they were attacking the Awacs problem in the wrong way—as a technical weapons problem or a foreign policy problem rather than as a political problem. The details of the sale—where Awacs could be flown, whether it could look into Israeli airspace, what kind of hardware and software it would contain, how many Americans would be needed to operate the system and for how long—are viewed by the White House as "fluff on the surface" of the issue. According to Administration lobbyists, the "core issue" has little to do with the weapons system itself, the evidence being that the Israeli military has had practically nothing to say against the sale. "To be candid," James Buckley said at one point, "I think that the Israeli objection really is more political than military. I think the Israelis are very much concerned that any development of an American relationship with an Arab country in a sense dilutes the U.S.-Israeli relationship." Or, as another Administration lobbyist put it, "they think this is 'if you're engaged to one girl, you can't date another,' which, of course, is not the way we see it at all."

THREE MAJOR changes have taken place in Administration handling of the Awacs issue since about October 1 that have substantially improved the President's chances in the Senate. Organizationally, legislative strategy has been taken over by the L.S.G. Mr. Allen's 5:30 p.m. group has been meeting only intermittently (the meetings reportedly are still scheduled daily, but then routinely canceled), but the L.S.G. now gathers practically every day, its membership including the old White House core group (Messrs. Baker, Meese, Friedersdorf, Gergen, and Darman) plus Mr. Allen and a representative from the State Department, usually congressional liaison chief Richard Fairbanks. To stop State-N.S.C. feuding, the top White House staff reportedly ordered Mr. Allen to cease having separate dealings with Saudi representatives and had both Mr. Allen and the State Department clear their congressional contacts with Mr. Friedersdorf.

The clear value of the L.S.G. is that it has the power to convert an idea into an Administration policy. For example, participants in an Allen group skull session in the White House situation room on October 2 concocted the idea of writing a nonbinding sense-of-the-Senate resolution that would ask the President to certify that certain conditions had been satisfied by the Saudis before he released Awacs. The purpose of the idea was to provide a vehicle to allow wavering Senators to support the Administration without committing the Administration or the Saudis to any conditions beyond those already stipulated verbally in Administration testimony before Congress. By the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next day, the group had found two sponsors, Republican John Warner of Virginia and Democrat Sam Nunn of Georgia. On Sunday night, Senator Warner held a dinner at his home in Georgetown attended by Messrs. Baker, Allen, Meese, Nunn, Fairbanks—and Democratic Senator John Glenn of Ohio, who has emerged as a pivotal figure in the Awacs struggle and whose support the dinner obviously was meant to secure. Senator Glenn remained unsatisfied, but the next day Mr. Baker and Mr. Darman spent several hours in Senator Nunn's office meeting with other senators in an effort to sign them up on the Nunn-Warner compromise. On Tuesday night, Secretary of State Haig even spent an hour with Thomas Dine, director of AIPAC, the main anti-Awacs lobbying group, to convince him to support Nunn-Warner. Mr. Dine, of course, said it contained nothing new, but the Administration's all-out lobbying effort managed to get 26 senators on board for the proposal, including several who previously had been undeclared, wavering, or opposed to the sale.

BESIDES the organizational changes, there have been tactical changes in the Administration's lobbying effort—notably including increased participation by the President himself. The turning around of Senators Alan Simpson and Orrin Hatch, former opponents of the sale, followed private sessions with Mr. Reagan. He is said by aides to have held a dozen such private chats and to have an equal number scheduled before Awacs comes up for a vote. He has also held group meetings with Senators and has phoned others from Camp David, Air Force One, and the Oval Office. The assassination of Anwar Sadat is said by aides to have especially energized Mr. Reagan. "He's more emotionally wrapped up in Middle East policy and in foreign policy now," said one aide. Other new Administration tactics include the surfacing—one per day when possible—of new Awacs supporters as a means of generating a sense of bandwagon momentum, the invention of new presidential assurances to attract support, and the development of parliamentary stratagems, such as one to bottle the Awacs issue up in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and keep it from ever being voted upon on the Senate floor.

But the biggest change of all is in the Administration's basic Awacs strategy, and it is a change that may prove dangerous to the President and even to the country. Instead of arguing the merits of the sale, the Administration is making this a political battle, forcing senators to choose whether to stand with the president or against him. One White House spokesman says, "The arguments are now elevated to the conduct of U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East and the right of the President to conduct his foreign policy." High Administration officials have admitted to Awacs opponents that negotiation of the sale and the Administration's handling of it have been "a mess," but they argue that the President's prestige now is involved and he must win to preserve his credibility both in foreign policy and at home. Unfortunately, however, if Mr. Reagan happens to lose, he will have damaged his prestige all the more by having put it on the line in a badly conceived cause.

Just as dangerously, the Administration has begun to poke at anti-Semitic cesspools lying beneath the surface of American society. President Reagan, Alexander Haig, and others have declared that Israel should not run American foreign policy, which is a fair enough comment. But Administration officials go beyond that. One White House official described the Awacs fight as "us versus the Israel lobby," as if all senators are making up their minds on that basis. Beyond that, some high Administration officials are raising the specter that "Jews will be blamed" if the Awacs sale is defeated and if some disaster in the Middle East follows, whether logically or merely chronologically. That argument does not elevate the Awacs debate at all. That it's invoked is a sign of desperation on the Administration's part, and ought to make its purveyors ashamed. White House aides say their changes in tactics and organization have turned a losing cause into a "ball game," but there are limits to what the Administration should do to win.

MORTON KONDRACKE

The supply side meets the 14th century.

REAGAN'S IBN KHALDUN

> If you look at our reductions in capital gains tax, if you go back to the 1920s when Mellon was the Secretary of the Treasury under Coolidge and was doing this every time, that kind of a tax cut brings us back, I've told, I think, some of you before, to a principle that goes back, at least I know, as far as the 14th century when a Moslem philosopher named Ibn Khaldun said: 'In the beginning of the dynasty great tax revenues were gained from small assessments. At the end of the dynasty, small tax revenues were gained from large assessments.' And we're trying to get down to the small assessments and the great revenues.
>
> —President Reagan at his October 1 news conference.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT of the United States cited a 14th-century Arab sociologist-historian in support of his economic program, it came as stunning news to every Orientalist, Islamicist, Arabist,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maghrebist, and Ottomanist in the country. Moments after the President had gone off the air, the tweedy sleeves of dozens of Middle East and North Africa specialists reached for dog-eared copies of *al-Muqaddima*, the masterwork of Tunisian-born Abd al-Rahman Abu Zayd ibn Muhammad ibn Muhammad ibn Khaldun (1332-1406). Although most of Ibn Khaldun's multivolume universal history is bald repetition of earlier writers, his *Muqaddima*, or *Introduction*, has been regarded as the first attempt by any historian to describe a pattern in mankind's changing political and social organization. Sociologists see him as a precursor of Durkheim, and Arnold Toynbee called the *Muqaddima* the greatest work of its kind ever created "by any mind in any time or place."

Now that the President has discovered Ibn Khaldun, Orientalists will be looking closely at the *Muqaddima* for insight into Ronald Reagan's ideology, for there is much in Ibn Khaldun's thinking that prefigures 20th-century Reaganism. Ibn Khaldun's rudimentary view of the limited functions of government (protecting the community, corresponding with distant persons, collecting taxes, keeping petitioners away from the rulers) would satisfy the most bedrock of conservatives, and his supply-side economics could have been written yesterday:

> It should be known that the finances of a ruler can be increased, and his financial resources improved, only through the revenue from taxes. This can be improved only through the equitable treatment of people with property and regard for them, so that their hopes rise, and they have the incentive to start making their capital bear fruit and grow. This, in turn, increases the ruler's revenues in taxes.

Trickle-down is elevated to cosmic design. In large cities, Ibn Khaldun notes, beasts and vermin flock to the houses of the rich and shun the hovels of the poor. He continues:

> God's secret plan in this respect should be scrutinized. One may compare the swarms of human beings with the swarms of dumb animals, and the crumbs from tables with the surplus of sustenance and luxury and the ease with which it can be given away by the people who have it, because they can do without it, since they have more of it.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

To be sure, the President's reference to Ibn Khaldun on assessments and revenues was a trifle out of context; it might have lost some of its impact (or have had an altogether unwanted impact) if Reagan had quoted it more completely:

> It should be known that at the beginning of a state, taxation yields a large revenue from small assessments. At the end of the state, taxation yields a small revenue from large assessments. The reason for this is that when the state follows the ways of Islam, it imposes only such taxes as are stipulated by the religious law, such as charity taxes, the land tax, and the poll tax.

The analysis made good sense in Islamic history, particularly in the medieval northwest African context which supplied most of the great historian's examples. Ibn Khaldun's was a world of desert and mountain dynasties that replaced each other in rapid succession. At the core of his political thought was his view that dynasties or states have life spans as humans do; he gave a state a span of 120 years. But why quibble over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

context? Reaching back six centuries for support satisfies a brand of conservative thinking that finds an idea's veracity in its antiquity. We can expect, therefore, to hear a variety of Ibn Khaldun's views (unavoidably outside their 14th-century context, of course) in future presidential news conferences:

On food stamp and school lunch reductions: "It should be known that everybody who is able to suffer hunger or eat only little is physically better off if he stays hungry. . . . Hunger influences the body in that it keeps it free from corrupt superfluities and mixed fluids that destroy body and intellect."

On problems with Wall Street: "The character traits of traders are inferior to those of leading personalities and remote from manliness."

In support of a gradualist approach to black social and economic equality: "Blacks from the south who settle in the temperate fourth zone or in the seventh zone that tends toward whiteness are found to produce descendants whose color gradually turns white in the course of time. . . . This shows that color is conditioned by the composition of the air."

On our Russian adversaries: The Slavs "dwell in caves and thickets, eat herbs, live in savage isolation and do not congregate, and eat each other. . . . The reason for this is that their remoteness from being temperate produces in them a disposition and character similar to those of dumb animals, and they become correspondingly remote from humanity."

On ERA: "Women have no power whatever; men control their actions."

On federal regulation: "The office of market supervisor is a religious position."

On the demands of farmers: "Agriculture is a way of making a living for weak people."

On the demands of labor: In times of inflation, "workers, craftsmen, and professional people become arrogant, their labor becomes expensive, and the expenditure of the inhabitants of the city for these things increases."

On welfare recipients: "We have stated before that the profit human beings make is the value realized from their labor. If someone could be assumed to have no ability whatever to do any labor, he should have no profit whatever."

On privilege for the rich: "Therefore, the owner of property and conspicuous wealth in a given community needs a protective force to defend him, as well as a rank on which he may rely."

On Alexander Haig's syntax: "Grammar has come to the point of being allowed to disappear, along with the decrease in other sciences and crafts which we have noted and which is the result of a decrease in civilization."

On Democratic think tanks: "What prevents soothsayers from acknowledging the truthfulness of the prophet, and causes them to deny him, is simply their misguided desire to be prophets themselves. . . . The souls of such persons are inferior by nature and unable to attain perfection."

Possibly the most potent scholarly quotation in the arsenal of wisdom which Ibn Khaldun provides Ronald Reagan, however, is one that is calculated to silence those who doubt his Administration's ability to cut taxes, keep the "safety net," increase military spending, and balance the budget all at once. "No intelligent person doubts the existence of sorcery."

BRUCE HARDCASTLE

Bruce Hardcastle is a Middle East specialist based in Washington, D.C.

Do test tube babies have a right to life?

IN VITRO VERITAS

OVER the past several years a 31-year-old New York woman suffered a series of problem pregnancies in which the fetus began growing in her Fallopian tubes, endangering her life. She finally had to have both tubes removed. She and her husband still want to have a baby, and recent medical advances have made it possible for her to get pregnant, even though her egg-bearing ovaries are severed from her uterus. But a public protest movement may prevent her from ever bearing her own child. That movement, oddly enough, is the anti-abortion crusade. Purportedly dedicated to encouraging people to bear their children, the right-to-life group has become the major opponent to *in vitro* fertilization—test tube babies—which is now the only promising technique for approximately 700,000 women who want to bring children into the world but are physically incapable of doing so.

In a quiet campaign over the past six years, national right-to-life organizations have succeeded in having a moratorium imposed upon any federal participation in *in vitro* research, so that it is now illegal even to talk about the technique at federally supported conferences. Meanwhile, Virginia right-to-life groups have kept up a steady drumbeat of opposition to the country's only *in vitro* clinic, at Eastern Virginia Medical College in Norfolk, which announced its first pregnancy on May 12. "We are opposed to *in vitro* fertilization just as much as we are opposed to abortion," says Dr. Jack Willke, a Cincinnati physician who is president of the National Right-to-Life Committee. "We are certain that passage of the human life amendment will ban both practices."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In vitro fertilization involves taking a mature egg out of a woman's ovaries, fertilizing it with male sperm in a laboratory dish (*in vitro* means "in glass"), and reimplanting the embryo in the womb so that the woman becomes pregnant. It is a delicate process that requires precise timing and entails a significant amount of pain and anxiety for the would-be mother. Only one egg matures each month, and it must be removed from the ovary within the space of a few hours before it breaks loose from the ovarian wall. If fertilization succeeds, the one-celled embryo then must be carefully reimplanted so that it clings to the uterine wall. "I spend most of my life being amazed that anybody ever gets pregnant at all," says Dr. Stanley Glasser, of Baylor University, who is trying to raise private funds to open an *in vitro* clinic. "You can imagine what the chances are under those kinds of conditions."

The major objection of the right-to-life groups seems to be that *in vitro* fertilization "isn't natural," and involves "experimenting on humans" and "tampering with life." They argue that pregnancies should be achieved naturally or not at all. "*In vitro* fertilization presents the irremovable possibility that a damaged human being may result, and the immediate possibility that we may begin designing our own descendants," argues Dr. Paul Ramsey, professor of religion at Princeton University. "It eliminates the right of a baby to be a *surprise*." Researchers in the field say the technique only mimics nature, in the way thousands of other medical practices do. "We're not doing anything in the laboratory that isn't a direct copy of what happens in a normal pregnancy," says Dr. Celso-Ramon Garcia, a researcher at the University of Pennsylvania." "All these stories about manufacturing life in the laboratory are just coming out of people's imagiations."

RIGHT-TO-LIFE organizations are also concerned that some embryos, particularly damaged ones, may be lost in the process. They punctuate their public comments and their literature with stories of embryos being "flushed down the toilet." But many opponents seem to be seriously misinformed about how the process works. Dr. Willke, of National Right-to-Life, said the doctors are "fertilizing dozens of eggs and then selecting the best one under the microscope, according to our elitist standards of what constitutes a desirable human being." But human females produce eggs at a rate of one per month, not by the dozen. And Father Richard A. McCormick, of the Kennedy Institute of Ethics at Georgetown University, who sat on the HEW Ethics Advisory Board, points out that at Norfolk, "they're reimplanting every embryo that is fertilized. Sometimes the process isn't successful, but if it fails it fails. That's not discarding embryos." The loss of even healthy embryos is not unique to *in vitro* fertilization. "About 25 percent of all fertilizations end in spontaneous abortions," says Dr. Martin Quigley, a gynecologist who runs an *in vitro* fertilization program at the University of Texas Health Science Center in Houston. "The uterus is remarkably efficient at rejecting embryos that are not growing normally. About 99.5 percent of genetically damaged embryos result in spontaneous abortions."

The trauma of egg removal and the shock of surgery on the woman's system make it very possible that an embryo becomes damaged in the procedure. At first some doctors insisted that their patients consent beforehand to an induced abortion if there were evidence that the fetus were grossly deformed. Clinics are now allowing the parents to choose whether to complete the pregnancy, even if there are indications of abnormality. Of the eight children born to date, one, a boy, has a congenital defect—a heart condition. It is not known whether the problem can be traced to the fertilization technique. The boy's twin sister is apparently normal. Nevertheless, pro-life groups believe that the possibility of an embryo being lost or discarded is too high a price to pay for the chance of a live birth that would otherwise be impossible.

IN PUBLIC DEBATES, right-to-lifers also have emphasized the experimental nature of *in vitro* fertilization. They argue that even after the children are born, it may be years before hidden effects arise. In addition, they argue that scientists and doctors are being driven only by an arrogant curiosity. "The real motivation here has nothing to do with having babies," says Chuck Dean, head of the Tidewater chapter of the Virginia Society for Human Life, which has led the opposition to the Norfolk clinic for the past two years. "What's going on in there is just scientific inquiry. What they really want to do is experiment on the human embryo. All those women and their babies are expendable. . . . It may take a real human tragedy over there before people realize what's going on. But I'll tell you one thing—we're determined. Sooner or later, we're going to close that place down." Dean says the efforts to close the clinic now occupy half his life.

The eastern Virginia *in vitro* clinic is headed by a semiretired husband-and-wife team, Drs. Howard and Georgeanna Jones, who moved to Norfolk five years ago after long careers at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. The Joneses had worked with the British team of Drs. Patrick Steptoe and Robert Edwards, who midwifed the first test-tube baby, Louise Joy Brown, in 1978. An unnamed private benefactor asked the Joneses if they could set up a similar clinic in Norfolk, and donated about $20,000 to get it started. The Joneses both work for free, putting in long hours at the clinic between their teaching duties at the medical college. All the expenses of the clinic are paid for out of the patients' $4,000 fees—which do not buy a guarantee of pregnancy. The clinic will treat only married couples who are childless and cannot be helped by any other known methods. They already

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have a waiting list of several hundred applicants, as do most medical facilities that have even mentioned the possibility of opening a clinic. At present, they can handle only about 50 patients a year.

BECAUSE no public funds are involved, there has been no opportunity for right-to-lifers to cut off the financial supports of the Joneses' clinic. But activists packed a routine hearing of the Virginia state health commissioner on the conversion of one laboratory room for *in vitro* research, and set off an emotional debate in the community. They have been urging seven Tidewater area cities that make small annual grants to the medical college to cut off these funds, but so far the city governments have not responded to this pressure.

On a national level, *in vitro* researchers say there has been considerable pressure from the federal government against research since right-to-life organizations first raised objections in the mid-1970s. "There's been a reluctance among scientists to publish their findings or talk about their work much, for fear that their institutions might start losing federal funding," said Dr. Garcia of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1976, H.E.W. authorized an Ethics Advisory Board to study the moral implications of *in vitro* research after one researcher proposed freezing fertilized embryos and studying them. Meanwhile, a temporary ban was put on any federal support of research. The committee approved *in vitro* work leading to actual pregnancies in 1979, but H.E.W. did not lift the ban. It is considered unlikely that the Reagan Administration will change the policy.

Right-to-lifers argue that *in vitro* fertilization is unnecessary. They cite alternate means of treatment that do not involve fertilization outside the body, such as laser surgery developed by Dr. Joseph Bellina, of F. Edward Herbert Hospital in New Orleans, for unblocking Fallopian tubes; and an operation called the Estes method, in which the ovaries are connected directly to the uterus, and fertilization takes place in the womb. However, even Dr. Bellina says that his laser technology cannot work in all cases. "I see laser surgery as a halfway point between normal pregnancies and *in vitro* fertilization," he said in an interview. "It only works when the Fallopian tubes are still intact and not irreversibly damaged. I'm not opposed to *in vitro* research—in fact, I'm in favor of all research." Dr. Quigley of the University of Texas notes that after 28 recent Estes operations in Israel, the surgically created opening between the ovaries and the uterus closed over again in a few months. No pregnancies were achieved. Developed by a Harvard gynecologist in the 1930s, the operation has produced only two or three pregnancies in its entire history.

Perhaps the most surprising development among the organized opposition to *in vitro* activity has been the robust cross-fertilization between right-to-lifers and some of the anti-technological extremists on the fringes of the environmental movement. The People's Business Commission, a solar and granola-type Washington lobbying group that led some of the early opposition to genetic engineering, has started working closely with right-to-life groups. "We have found a strong kinship with Jerry Falwell and other religious organizations on the issue of genetic engineering and *in vitro* fertilization," reported Dan Smith, director of the Commission's Genetic Engineering Project. *Who Should Play God?*, a book by Jeremy Rifkin, the commission's founder, that elaborates various totalitarian scenarios growing out of genetic engineering and *in vitro* fertilization, is a big seller in right-to-life circles. Other opponents have cropped up in some of the radical factions of the women's movement. Ruth Hubbard, a Harvard biologist active in Science for the People, a group that has tried to combine science and Marxism, presents what is probably the hardest line against *in vitro* fertilization. She argues that the method "locks women and their babies into the high-technology medical system" and says both the women and the babies that may result are "guinea pigs." Her alternative is "strong, deep, feminist consciousness-raising."

IN RESPONSE to these opponents of *in vitro* fertilization, infertile couples have formed lobbying groups of their own. Barbara Menning, who in 1973 founded a group called Resolve, to support fertility research, complains that opposition to *in vitro* fertilization is "invariably stated by women and men who have achieved their families, or celibate clergy for whom it is not an issue. Right-to-lifers and others stand up at meetings and give among their credentials the number of children they have borne. In my opinion, and in the opinion of other infertile women, the fact that they have achieved their families *disqualifies* them from any understanding of the pain of childlessness."

The gaggle of opposition to *in vitro* fertilization has one thing in common: religious fundamentalism, whether sacred or secular. At the heart of the fundamentalist approach is the certainty that life is full of pain and suffering. It imposes some harsh and irrational conditions on people. The same people who insist that women must be made to bear offspring, even if they are the product of rape or incest, deny other women the right to choose to have children of their own. Hubbard says, "It had never occurred to me that every woman has a 'right' to a 34-inch bustline or a 24-inch waist." In other words, if God had intended these women to have children, He would have given them the equipment Himself.

WILLIAM TUCKER

William Tucker, a contributing editor of *Harper's* magazine, is writing *Progress and Privilege*, to be published by Doubleday next April.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This foreign policy is made possible by a grant from. . .

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

> Merchants have no country of their own. Wherever they may be they have no ties with the soil. All they are interested in is the source of their profits.
>
> —Thomas Jefferson

IF YOU THOUGHT that all Americans support the Solidarity movement in Poland in its struggle for political freedom, economic decentralization, and worker self-management, you are wrong. There are some who are quite agitated by these demands, and not because they fear for the safety of Lech Walesa and his followers. They are concerned about the dramatic decline in Poland's G.N.P. and productivity since last year's democratic revolution. These people tend to work for banks—Western banks. Together with Western governments, they have about $23 billion in outstanding loans to Poland. Paul McCarthy, a spokesman for Chemical Bank of New York, gave this view of Poland on the "McNeil-Lehrer Report":

> . . . worker self-management . . . would be counterproductive. In my opinion, what is needed for the immediate term . . . is for greater centralization. And therefore in my view, Solidarity has to . . . be willing to work with the government and it has to allow the government to retain centralized control over the economy. . . . Over the short run [meaning 'the next several months or perhaps the next couple of years'] . . . I am disturbed that Solidarity is taking some of the positions that it appears to be taking—a movement towards a decentralized decision process at all managerial levels of the economy.

One of the panelists, economist Howard Wachtel, was taken aback. He said of McCarthy, "He sounds to me like he is representing the Soviet position here."

Well, not exactly. He represents the banks' position, and in this particular case, the banks and the Soviets have much in common. They are both scared to death of Solidarity and what freedom for Poland could mean. Western banks have lent Poland about $12 billion. As the saying goes, if you owe the bank a dollar and can't pay, you're in trouble; if you owe the bank a billion dollars and can't pay, the bank's in trouble. The banks are in deep trouble. How they got into that position with Poland is interesting. They believed, as they kept throwing good money after bad, that in a command economy the party could always impose austerity on the society and force it to produce the surplus needed to pay off the loans. As a last resort, there was always the Soviet umbrella—the belief, based apparently on a feeling rather than on a firm commitment, that the Soviet Union would never allow one of its satellites to default and that ultimately it would act as guarantor of any loans. Solidarity has threatened both of these assumptions. In one year it has turned Poland from a command into a pluralistic economy. Without Solidarity the government cannot force the people into the sacrifices necessary to make up for the inefficiency of the last 30 years. And a 10 million-strong Polish opposition makes the Soviet Union reluctant to bail out what it sees as a free-spending, ungrateful, and unreliable satellite. It also makes an invasion prohibitively (so far) costly to the Soviets.

But admitting default on Poland's loans would be prohibitively costly to the banks. German banks are the most heavily involved. Some have credits to Poland larger than their net worth. Even the huge Dresdner Bank of Frankfurt, which has taken the lead in most Polish loan syndications, could go under. That would send shock waves through the entire banking system.

What are the banks to do? When private companies find themselves in a jam abroad they usually turn to government at home. Traditionally they lobby and try to persuade government that to act in their interest is to act in the national interest. Failing that, they try sharing the risk. When International Telegraph & Telephone faced expropriation in Chile under Allende, it was insured by a government agency, the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, for losses resulting from any seizure. This coverage, for example, would have given OPIC majority ownership in the I.T.T.-Chilean telephone company if it were seized. As Senator Frank Church pointed out at the time, "This [arrangement] blends the company interests and the American government's interests. The American government, having assumed . . . a contractual obligation to pay the company for the expropriated property, has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a financial stake by virtue of the insurance policy." The banks in Poland have no such insurance policy. After all, they are faced with bankruptcy and not expropriation. But their very vulnerability has bought them a kind of insurance policy: if one bank collapses, that is a problem for the banks; if the whole banking system collapses, that is a problem for government. Of course, the banks have gotten themselves into this position by the reckless pursuit of profit. Nevertheless, the only way they can be rescued is for someone to force the Poles back to work.

Who will do it? There are only two candidates. The banks would not be sorry to see the Soviets march into Poland and restore party rule. That's a quick way to achieve what McCarthy calls "greater centralization." The Soviets, apparently, are unwilling to oblige the banks. That leaves only one other candidate: Western governments. The banks want the International Monetary Fund to readmit Poland, lend it the money to pay off the banks, and thus leave the I.M.F. holding worthless Polish paper. That would transfer the risk from the banks to government. It would bail out the banks and leave the West (operating through the I.M.F.) to enforce austerity on the Polish people. So, to restore an economy ruined by 30 years of inefficient Communist rule, the West would bear the responsibility for forcing a drastic reduction in Polish living standards. If Western governments were forced into this political disaster in order to avoid economic disaster, it would constitute one of the most spectacular examples on record of corporate shaping—and distorting—of Western foreign policy.

BUT NOT the first. After all, the business of business is profits, and business has long tried to make Western governments define their interests that way, too. "It is time the United States developed an economic foreign policy instead of a political foreign policy," says Fred Borch, former head of General Electric. That is not a new idea. At the outbreak of the World War II, the great oil and chemical companies that had cartel arrangements with German firms tried to keep the U.S. out of war with Germany. In 1973 the Philippine subsidiary of Exxon refused to send oil to the U.S. Navy at Subic Bay in compliance with the Arab boycott of the United States. In banana republics like Guatemala in the 1950s, corporations like United Fruit succeeded in making U.S. policy an instrument of their economic interest. The threat of nationalization was enough to bring out the Marines to restore "normality." And when Washington was not quite militant enough for the corporations, as in Chile at the time of Allende, companies like I.T.T. practically created their own foreign policy. (The president of I.T.T. even offered the C.I.A. a million dollars to help prevent Allende's election. The C.I.A. politely refused.)

Widely publicized examples of multinationals in pursuit of their own "economic foreign policy," like I.T.T.'s meddling in Chile, have given rise to two myths. First, that business has a preference for right-wing dictatorships. In fact, business has a preference for stability. It abhors revolution, war, and, when it produces instability, democracy. From Lenin's New Economic Policy to postcolonial Africa, business has made an art of ideological neutrality. The other myth is that the multinationals, although they have no loyalty to the third world countries that host their branch plants, have a special solicitude for the interests of the United States where they are more often than not headquartered. Carl Gerstacker, former chairman of Dow Chemical and corporate globalist, would disagree. He speaks almost mystically of a new kind of "one worldism" in which business is freed from the shackles of national loyalty. "I have long dreamed of buying an island owned by no nation and establishing a world headquarters of the Dow Company on the truly neutral ground of such an island, beholden to no nation or society." (And he adds thoughtfully, "We could even pay any natives handsomely to move elsewhere.") Or, as a spokesman for Union Carbide put it: "It is not proper for an international corporation to put the welfare of any country in which it does business above that of any other."

UNION CARBIDE ought to know. When Ian Smith was in control of Rhodesia, Union Carbide supported American mineral imports from Rhodesia in violation of international sanctions. That made Union Carbide the target of boycotts and protests in the U.S. Now, reports the *Washington Post*, Union Carbide has "quickly settled into a comfortable relationship with former guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe's government." When company chairman William Sneath recently attended a dedication ceremoney in Zimbabwe, he declared to Mugabe: "Union Carbide supports your goals." Meanwhile in Angola Gulf Oil was happy to support the Portuguese colonial government as long as it was allowed to pump its oil. I can remember a planning meeting for a Vietnam War protest that bogged down over the demands of one student faction that the demonstration be a joint protest against Vietnam and against Havard's refusal to divest itself of Gulf stock. The slogan then was "Gulf out of Angola." That was 1972. Well, instead Portugal got out of Angola. Gulf stayed.

Today Gulf almost singlehandedly props up the economy of Angola's Marxist regime. Gulf has poured more than $500 million in investments into Angola, pays more than $320 million a year in taxes and royalties, and gives half its oil to the Angolan government which then exports it to the West (accounting for most of Angola's one billion dollars a year in exports). The government, in turn, protects Gulf from various untamed liberation fronts. As one Gulf spokesman said of the Cuban troops in Angola: "Ipso facto, they are guarding the oil wells." In return, Gulf does what it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can, not only to protect but to promote the Angolan regime.

The president of Gulf Oil Exploration and Production Company, Melvin Hill, regularly takes to Capitol Hill to extol the pragmatic, nonideological, business-like ways of the Angolan regime. On April 1, Hill and Gulf Oil president James Lee lobbied Vice President Bush on behalf of Angola. Gulf isn't the only company with a big stake in Angola. There are 17 Western oil companies, mostly from the U.S., who have agreements, or are "in line" for agreements, with the Angolan government. And Boeing, General Electric, Bechtel, Lockheed, General Tire, I.B.M., and other American companies are also doing a brisk business there. So are the banks. Chase Manhattan Bank's letter for corporate customers has been promoting Angola, not only for its oil and diamonds, but also for its "sound economic management and policies." Chairman of the Board David Rockefeller is reported to have sent a letter to the White House before his retirement which expressed his displeasure with the Administration's Angolan policy. The position of the U.S. government from the Ford through the Carter and Reagan Administrations has been that as long as the Soviets retain control over Angola by means of a 20,000-man Cuban army, not only is Angola a geopolitical threat to the West, but it has forfeited its independence. Therefore, the U.S. will refuse to recognize the current regime.

BUSINESS IS most upset now about the Reagan Administration's desire to repeal the Clark Amendment, which prohibits the U.S. from giving aid to Jonas Savimbi, leader of a defeated faction of the Angolan revolution who continues to wage guerrilla war from the southeastern part of Angola against the current regime. Now, there are reasonable arguments that can be made against the repeal. Some are ideological—for example, that Savimbi gets aid from South Africa. Some are pragmatic—that repeal would anger black African nations like Nigeria. But business opposition stems from the central fact that Savimbi is a threat to the stability of a regime with which these companies have a cozy and profitable commercial relationship. That is not quite how the banks put it. According to Brian Henderson, Chase Manhattan's manager for west African affairs, our economic relations with Angola have "effectively limited Soviet influence and strengthened the government's commitment to nonalignment." For the untrained, noncorporate eye these benefits are hard to discern. The Russians still have 20,000 Cuban troops propping up a pliant regime and preventing any real test of its popularity vis-à-vis Savimbi. (According to *African Index*, a respected, nonpartisan observer of African affairs, Savimbi was favored to win the election scheduled for October 1975.)

As for nonalignment, business has an idiosyncratic understanding of the term. "They are pragmatic people," says Gene Bates, a Texaco vice president, of the Angolans. "Although they lean toward a Marxist style of government, their Marxist friends cannot give them what they need, so they turn to the West." And, indeed, they do. Allowing Western companies to pump your oil, export it overseas, pay you royalties, and transfer technology may make for good business; but it is not nonalignment. It is typical of the willful confusion of "economic foreign policy" with "political foreign policy" that the word nonalignment can be used in conjunction with Angola. After all, by any political measure, Angola is solidly committed to the Soviet bloc. Not only is it occupied by an army of Cuban proxies, but on international issues it can be counted on to follow slavishly Moscow's line. When an overwhelming majority of nonaligned countries at the United Nations condemned the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Angola stood with only a handful of Soviet satellites in voting no.

BUT ISN'T THERE something to the argument that corporate ties encourage moderation and promote friendship between nations? Not much. One never hears it argued that heavy private investment in, say, Chile is to be encouraged because political liberalization will follow in its wake. The extraordinary interdependence of European states early in this century did not prevent them from engaging each other in the two most destructive wars in history. And in the third world, corporate investment and trade tend to *follow*, not cause, political liberalization (as in Sadat's Egypt). Our experience with the Soviets is also instructive. Here again expanded trade followed a policy of detente; it did not produce it. Nor is there any evidence that our complex web of relationships with the Soviets has served to moderate Soviet adventurism. The Soviets appeared quite uninhibited by the threat of losing their Western ties when they decided to invade Afghanistan and inject themselves militarily into Angola, Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Libya. Indeed, commercial ties have had their effect on the other party. The threat of losing the Soviet connection or abdicating the competition to another, more unscrupulous, Western competitor has induced one Western government after another to avoid too stiff a response to Soviet misconduct. That was the case with the rather sorry U.S. attempt to isolate the Soviets economically after the Afghan invasion. Now the West Europeans are about to build a multibillion-dollar natural gas pipeline from the U.S.S.R. to Western Europe. Is there any doubt whom that tie will bind?

No one disputes the right of private enterprise to pursue its own economic interest or even to lobby to get government to conform its foreign policy to corporate interests. But it is grating to see business wrap itself in the national interest—to see Mobil, for example, in yet another ad, urge support for yet another act of obeisance to the Saudis as a reward for their moder-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ation on oil prices. Most people are not taken in by such pronouncements from a company that made billions as a result of a Saudi policy of price moderation that raised the price of oil from $2 to $32 in ten years. But some are taken in when the message is issued in the dulcet tones of detente. Mary McGrory of the *Washington Post* recently applauded the improvement in corporate international behavior from its Chile days (bad) to its Angola days (good). The fact is, however, that there has been no change. Corporate motives, like death and taxes, have a certain inevitability to them. Business is business. If Allende had guaranteed I.T.T.'s property as Angola did Gulf's, I.T.T. would have hailed his pragmatism and lobbied against any moves to subvert him. And if Savimbi should succeed in producing a serious enough conflict in Angola to disrupt oil production, you can be sure that Gulf will take to Capitol Hill to call for moderation, a coalition government, and, if worst comes to worst, free elections. And if, God forbid, Savimbi wins, one can already hear Union Carbide reassuring him, "We support your goals."

Liberals have long taken an unsentimental view of these sudden corporate conversions. In *Global Reach*, an extensive study of the power of multinational corporations, Richard Barnet and Ronald Müller come to this succinct conclusion:

> The goal of corporate diplomacy is nothing less than the replacement of national loyalty with corporate loyalty. If they are to succeed in integrating the planet, loyalty to the global enterprise must take precedence over all other political loyalties. Wherever possible, business diplomats will try to persuade governments, local businessmen, or anyone who will listen, that there is no conflict between corporate goals and national goals.

If we are to avoid another banker's Poland, it would be wise to keep that in mind.

The end of Sadat is not the end of Egypt.

What Mubarak Inherits

By Barry Rubin

THE ASSASSINATION of Anwar Sadat is a tragedy of historical proportions, but it is not the end of Egypt. The material factors behind the country's foreign and domestic policies continue to operate. Egypt's distinctive political culture—and its distinctive political requirements—were not shattered by the bullets that killed a great man.

"Egyptian Chief's Death Seen as Big Setback to Peace in the Mideast," proclaim the headlines. "Analysts Call Him Only Arab with the Needed Prestige to Settle with Israelis. Will Cairo Turn Extremist?" The chosen successor is close to the fallen President but is "a somewhat colorless individual . . . not generally regarded as a strong leader and most likely will be president only until a permanent successor is chosen." It sounds like today's paper. But in fact it is the *Wall Street Journal* of September 29, 1970, raising the alarm about Egypt's course after Gamal Abdel Nasser's death and Sadat's coming to power. The new President, Hosni Mubarak, will doubtless make changes—Sadat, after all, profoundly revised Nasser's policies—but the starting point for analysis must be Egypt's political and economic realities and a careful examination of the sources of power there.

The most impressive portrait of Sadat is displayed in a prominent location by the Nile, near Cairo's hub, Tahrir Square. He is awkwardly posed in military uniform. On second glance, it becomes obvious that the artist has copied the ceremonial stance of Egypt's ancient pharoahs. Extreme centralism and the exaltation of political authority have long been hallmarks of Egypt's political culture. Collective leadership never lasts long. By attaining the exalted office of the presidency, Mubarak will have tremendous assets of loyalty and legitimacy at his command.

The concentration of Egypt's people in a narrow strip of fertile Nile land and the country's relative homogeneity have made unanimity a cherished value. There have been only two mass revolts in modern Egyptian history, in 1881 and 1919. Both were aimed against British intervention in Egyptian politics. In contrast to other Arab states, Egypt has had no serious coup attempts or civil wars in almost three decades. This pattern is likely to continue.

Other Middle East Islamic states, with only recently drawn borders and newer political structures, have

Barry Rubin, author of *The Arab States and the Palestine Conflict* (Syracuse University Press) and *Paved with Good Intentions: The American Experience and Iran* (Oxford/Penguin), is a fellow at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic & International Studies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much more poorly defined identities than does Egypt. In the region as a whole, forces of Islam and Arab nationalism impose demands that rulers of any stripe may find impossible to meet. The "Arab nation," let alone the entire Islamic world, has not united into one entity, Israel has not been destroyed; the region is still weak in comparison to the non-Moslem great powers (in many places living standards rise only slowly if at all); and there is no ideal Islamic state in existence.

The continued vitality and legitimacy of these utopian concepts coupled with a broad range of grievances continuously gives birth to radical opposition movements. The oneness of the Arabs defined by Pan-Arabism makes it easy for states to interfere in each other's internal affairs. The first-generation independence movements of the 1930s and 1940s were able to muster enough unity to remove European control but then fell victim to these contradictions, weakened by their narrow bases, lack of political skill, and military interference in politics. Now both the second generation of radical military dictatorships and the remaining traditional regimes are under fire by Islamic groups because of their own failures. Yet Islam's strong appeal does not mean that the oppositionists, who generally remain weak and divided, can actually take power. Rocking the boat, or even killing the captain, is still a long way from sinking it.

Succession has long posed a problem for these countries. The saliency of one-man rule and the difficulties of stable transition are not new. Of Islam's first four caliphs, whose golden age Ayatollah Khomeini treasures, three were assassinated. More recently, both Syria's Hafez Assad and Libya's Muammar Qaddafi have only narrowly survived attempts on their lives. Yet unlike those two countries, Egypt has a large group of capable administrators and a set of well-entrenched institutions.

THE MILITARY is Egypt's most powerful force. Sadat completed Nasser's work of turning it from political to professional interests, a task accelerated after its disastrous 1967 performance. By making General Hosni Mubarak, who was air force commander in the 1973 war, his Vice President and heir apparent, Sadat cemented the loyalty of the military and gave Mubarak a strong base. The highly centralized chain of command, the integration of top commanders with the political leadership, and the army's strong concern over a variety of foreign threats, seem likely to maintain that unity.

Sadat made all the decisions himself and only rarely consulted those around him. Many high government officials freely admitted they did not know what the regime's policies would be the following day. Squabbles within the elite took the form of a personal rivalry between Mubarak and Mustafa Khalil, a former Prime Minister under Sadat, over positions for their supporters. With the army and the presidency in hand, Mubarak will probably triumph over Khalil's followers in the more diffuse civilian bureaucracy.

Mubarak's future course is difficult to predict, but some interesting points can be made. His personal responsibility for the removal of General Saad Shazli, who is the best known of the exiled Egyptian dissidents and who enjoys Libyan support, guarantees Cairo's continued hostility to the oppositionists and to Qaddafi. Although Mubarak always had to adhere closely to Sadat's line, his statements show particular personal antagonism toward the Soviets and Libyans. Many Egyptian officers remember Soviet arrogance and highhandedness during their era of close alliance. Mubarak's last vice-presidential mission was to warn Washington about Libya's actions against Sudan. "Egypt will not hesitate in helping a friend should he be exposed to aggression and threats," he said in a speech just before Sadat's murder. The main danger to Egypt was not Israel, he explained, but Soviet-armed Libya and "Soviet aggression" in Chad, Ethiopia, and South Yemen.

EGYPT'S most important objective, Mubarak said at a meeting a week before the assassination, "is the completion of Sinai's liberation and the removal of foreign occupation from that area of Egypt's sacred land." He stressed that Egypt could make "no compromise or concessions" on this, but by the same token it seems likely that he will not jeopardize the scheduled return of eastern Sinai next April. He told an Israeli newspaper last May, "Your situation is exactly the same as that of any country we have diplomatic relations with. . . . We made a peace treaty with Israel and we will not go backward." He added, "We are not prepared to lose our children in war at a time when we are advancing toward peace. The wars are over. That is it, enough."

This does not mean that all will necessarily go according to these fine sentiments. Many Egyptian officials thought that Sadat went too far. Still, the economic and military costs which pushed Sadat toward that settlement still exist, and a distracted and disorganized Egyptian leadership will not soon seek any confrontation with Israel. Cairo's mistrust of its would-be Arab allies and the need to obtain a reliable and accelerated supply of American arms to re-equip Egypt's weakened military are other constraints.

Israelis were nervous enough about Egypt's intentions after the Sinai's return, even with Sadat still in power. Many Begin government supporters don't believe the Arabs desire peace; many of its critics worry the Prime Minister's policies will wreck chances for rapprochement and lead to the same result. Yet it has been most unlikely, both before and after Sadat's murder, that the other Arab states would have been moved by any changes in the Camp David negotiating positions, given their opposition to the whole process. Begin's attendance at Sadat's funeral was designed as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an immediate test for the normalization process.

The autonomy deadlock and the desire to end Egypt's isolation in the Arab world will tempt Cairo toward different policies. The ideal solution would be to keep the gains from Camp David—peace with Israel and the Sinai's return—while seeking the minimal price for readmission to the Arab ranks. A key ingredient here is the Egyptian belief that only Egypt is capable of leading the Arab world, what Mubarak has called its "vanguard role."

THIS LAST point is an important one, for Egypt will not accept some shamefaced or subordinate role in Arab political relations. Some of the countries that know this and that have benefited from Egypt's absence—especially Syria and Iraq—will try to set the price too high for Cairo to meet. Others, particularly Saudi Arabia, want to have Egypt back in the fold. The Saudis are sure to argue that in the absence of Sadat (who had more than once directly attacked the Saudi Royal Family) rapprochement is possible.

Sadat used Mubarak as an envoy to the Saudis, just as Nasser had used Sadat in the same role years before. And one of Sadat's main goals in recent years was to show the conservative Persian Gulf monarchies that Egypt was their real and potential protector. A central reason for Sadat's kind treatment of the Shah was surely to send a message to such regimes: some day you, too, may lead us.

There have been many signs recently that the Saudis have been floating their own peace plan, which they could present to Cairo as an alternative to Camp David. Yet they will carefully avoid giving other Arab states the opportunity to portray Saudi Arabia as joining Egypt's treason. Iraq, in particular, will play an important role in determining the price for Cairo's readmission. The November Arab summit will give the first indications of the Arab states' position on readmitting Egypt to inter-Arab political life.

The future development of U.S.-Egypt relations is of great concern in Washington. Sadat's alliance with America was obviously of tremendous value in strengthening the West's position in the region and in cooling down Arab-Israeli tensions. Yet many in the Middle East misunderstood the Reagan Administration's policy. The Egyptian, Saudi, and Israeli governments all seemed to be competing for recognition as Washington's greatest "strategic asset" in the area. One Egyptian general called for a "modified Nixon Doctrine"—that is, American dependence on local allies to maintain stability.

Yet the fact is that the Reagan Administration has shown little real interest in such an approach. In the aftermath of the Shah's fall, the Administration has focused on direct American intervention, on the Persian Gulf, and on the Soviet threat. It has tended to ignore more immediate dangers such as the Arab-Israeli conflict and the threat of internal turmoil, and it has viewed Egypt not as a surrogate, but merely as an auxiliary to U.S. power. The U.S. military facility at Ras Banas has been seen as a staging point for U.S. rather than Egyptian forces.

Mubarak and other Egyptian officers have complained about the slow pace of U.S. arms deliveries to Egypt, and every effort must be made in the current crisis to show the benefits for Egypt of military cooperation with the U.S. Military aid aside, however, the problem has often been an overly visible American profile. Anti-American sentiments have been gradually increasing in Egypt over the last year and the United States was a special target for Egyptian Islamic groups, copying Iran's example.

A sharp break can be avoided—but only if policymakers in Washington are willing to listen. Cultural insensitivity is not the least of the problems. Anyone familiar with Egypt's history understands that country's unwillingness to give military bases to foreign countries. Yet Reagan Administration officials have chattered blithely about obtaining Sinai bases after Israel's withdrawal. When an American reporter asked Sadat whether he consulted President Reagan before arresting 1,500 oppositionists, the question was translated, "Did you ask Reagan's permission. . . ?" Sadat was livid. The construction of a huge—and highly visible—U.S. embassy complex in Cairo was avoided only after American diplomats warned that it might become a symbolic target. Egyptians have many criticisms of the U.S. aid program, which has brought few apparent benefits, and of foreign investments, which produce soft drinks rather than more needed jobs and products.

SADAT MADE unrealistic promises about his new open-door policy toward Western commerce and capital, and rising Egyptian expectations were usually disappointed. While the living standards of most Egyptians remained the same or declined, a class of newly rich benefited from luxury imports, the construction of expensive housing, and real estate speculation. Social services stagnated, inflation buffeted the poor and the lower-middle class, and the population explosion and the massive migration to Cairo continued unchecked.

Junior officers were also hard hit by rising costs, as were government employees. Peasants just arrived in the city tried to reconcile Cairo with their more traditional Islamic village lifestyle. The city's overcrowding, noise, and inadequate transports and housing produce enormous psychological strains. The immediate cause of the recent Christian-Moslem riots was a clash between two families when one's laundry was soiled by the other's spilled waste water.

But Westerners can overstate the likelihood of explosion. The difficulty of life is nothing new for Egyptians; compromises are made and the system limps along. Still, urban nostalgia for Islamic folkways

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and for the Nasser era, when the burdens were more evenly spread, is understandable.

The high spending necessary for the military, the bureaucracy, and consumer subsidies comprise Egypt's economic iron triangle. To outsiders the priorities may seem irrational or inefficient, but Egyptians know these are the price of social stability. A cut in food subsidies led to the violent riots of January 1977. The government provides make-work office jobs for all unemployed college graduates at about $17 a month. Emigration to the oil-producing states is a safety valve and the massive amounts sent home are an important source of national revenue. Money is also coming in from Egypt's own petroleum fields and from the Suez Canal, reopened as a result of Camp David. Yet the inflexible expenditures soak up most of this money and the foreign aid as well.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S insecurity and the conflicts between imported and traditional culture fuel the Islamic political revival. Egypt's left is largely confined to a few intellectuals. As one Egyptian puts it, "They never made the transition from the drawing room floor to the factory floor." The success of Iran's revolution first frightened them, then made them eager to climb onto the Islamic bandwagon. Khomeini's writings were published in Egypt by a leftist publishing house. The apparent rapprochement between the Islamic and leftist movements, with the former clearly in command, was one of the main developments that led Sadat to arrest over 1,500 oppositionists in September.

Some of the Islamic cults are reminiscent of the kind of totalitarian religious groupings that have sprung up in the United States. Young women from the countryside join for the protection and security they knew in the villages. The children of the middle class get the psychological satisfaction of being part of a movement. The cults also supply concrete incentives for joining—students can obtain low-cost textbooks and cooperative purchase of food and other goods.

The great majority of Egyptians are practicing Moslems who believe their religion must be an integral part of their lives. The radical Islamic political sects, however, are seeking something relatively rare in the region's history: a state and society completely dominated by a strict and narrow interpretation of that creed. About 1,000 years ago, Moslem theologians, seeing the high toll of civil conflict, made their peace with existing rulers. Sunni Islam, the trend dominant in most of the Arab world, became increasingly linked with state power.

Today the trend toward religious revitalization is an understandable response to the strains of modernization, the assault of Western culture, and the popular dissatisfaction with the social, economic, and political shortcomings of their societies. Yet it would be a tremendous mistake to identify this cultural trend too much with the small, radical groups that attempt to seize power in their own right. Governments can adjust to many of the former demands and thus prevent any wave of "Islamic fundamentalism"—the subject of increasingly hysterical misinterpretation in the West—from sweeping over the region.

Sadat told Egyptians that the rest of the Arab world was filled with violence, wars, coups, and revolutions, while Egypt remained peaceful. He pointed to the decline of Iran's economy, its war with Iraq, and the daily deaths in Tehran's streets. His Islamic opponents were often unaware or did not believe these reports. Sadat's slogan, "No religion in politics and no politics in religion," was anathema to them.

Although the Moslem Brotherhood has received the most publicity in the West, another group is more important: the semisecret Al Takfir wa Al-Hijrah ("Repentance and Flight"), which was responsible for the assassination of an Egyptian Cabinet minister in 1977. A whole variety of local and campus groups had also sprung up. Signs that they were beginning to form a national underground network were another reason for Sadat's crackdown. About one-third of those arrested were from Al Takfir wa Al-Hijrah, and most of the rest were members of smaller groups or the Moslem Brotherhood, or were radical leaders.

These men had spoken openly of overthrowing the government. In violent terms, sermons denounced the waste of public money, the alignment with America, the treaty with Israel, and both real and imaginary domestic misdeeds. The Christian-Moslem riots showed Sadat the danger of a situation threatening disorder rather than revolution. "We must provide a radical solution this time," he said, "because we have no time to waste." The roundups were too late—or too excessive—to save his own life.

DESPITE SADAT'S murder, an Islamic revolution or a collapse of Egypt's political structure seems unlikely. When the Moslem Brotherhood tried and failed to kill Nasser in 1954, the government destroyed the organization and imprisoned or executed its leaders. The group did not revive for a quarter-century—and the Islamic forces then were stronger than they are today.

To repeat Nasser's triumph over the Islamic radicals, Mubarak must consolidate his power and rally the people behind him. At the same time, he must try to maintain Egypt's current relationship with the United States, preserve the progress made with Israel, and rebuild ties to the Arab world. This will be the first test—and a demanding one it is—for Egypt's new leader. Mubarak is a strong and intelligent man, but his limited apprenticeship under Sadat left him far more a general than a politician. At some point he will have to face down his colleagues and show that he is in charge, as Sadat had to do before him. Only then can Mubarak put his own mark on Egypt's future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Freedoms

Markus Imhoof is a 40-year-old Swiss director who is angry at Swiss mythology—in particular, the myth that Switzerland was a welcoming haven for refugees during the Hitler years. *The Boat Is Full*, Imhoof's third feature, which he wrote himself and which is his first to be released here, deals with a small group of refugees who flee a German train in 1942 and cross the Swiss border. They encounter the paradoxes of the Swiss law, as well as the xenophobia and anti-Semitism of the Swiss—along, however, with enough sympathy to make the picture more ironic and therefore more terrible than 100 percent animosity would have been. Swiss law changed during the Hitler era and became more stringent during the war. In 1942 a deserting German soldier was safe in Switzerland: he would be interned. But a nonpolitical refugee was sent back to Germany, which meant, if he was Jewish, death. This film's title comes from a statement by a Swiss official in 1942 calling his country an "overcrowded little lifeboat." At that time Switzerland had approximately 8,300 refugees.

The Boat is Full
(Quartet Films)

Taxi zum Klo
(Promovision International)

Imhoof's group includes a very old Viennese Jew and his little granddaughter; a young German-Jewish woman, trying to join her husband already in Switzerland; her younger brother; a small abandoned French boy; a deserting German soldier. At the end, after a series of stratagems that fail, only the soldier and the French boy are allowed to remain; the others are returned, to an unambiguous fate.

Curt Bois, born in 1901 in Berlin, the needle-nosed comedian who was a Max Reinhardt actor before Hitler, who had a busy life in Hollywood during his exile (he was the pickpocket in *Casablanca*, for instance), and who returned to Berlin in the 1950s, plays the 80-year-old grandfather, and uses his age without sentimentality. I don't understand why the script never gave him a line about the wife from whom he is separated at the moment of flight—we see her about to be tossed into the boiler of the locomotive by the German soldiers who caught her in the coal tender—but what Bois is given to do, he treats with dignity and, for his granddaughter's sake, with hope as long as his strength lasts.

The young Jewish woman is played by Tina Engel, a member of what is currently the most celebrated theater in Europe, the Schaubühne of Berlin. (Bruno Ganz and Edith Clever of *The Marquise of O. . .* were members of that company: Clever still works with them.) Engel has immediate authenticity: a conviction for us that talent and imagination have explored a character, composed it, and are presenting it whole; the woman she plays has a tiger's strength wrapped in wariness. Renate Steiger, a member of a Stuttgart theater, plays the wife of a restaurant owner in a village, who—almost reluctantly—warms to the refugees. Steiger is a solid woman who uses her physicality well, as Bois does his age. Michael Gempart, a Swiss actor, plays the least sympathetic part, the Swiss policeman responsible for the refugees' detection and return, and he does a nice job of conveying the quasi pleasure in this policeman's need to do his duty. Imhoof deals comprehendingly with his actors and, if we allow for the fact that most of the film takes place in close quarters, handles the movement with fair fluency.

But why? If any of us have illusions about unquestioning Swiss benevolence, this film will shatter them. But is that enough to make us go through the heartache of Hitler refugees once again? I couldn't think so. I don't want to forget the Hitler facts, I don't want those too young to remember them to be ignorant of them, and heaven knows I'm not saying that pictures dealing with any of those facts should no longer be made; but since few of us have not been well harrowed by the facts, we must—in a sort of self-defense, if you like—ask ourselves whether we need to go through another instance of it. The instance has to do something more than (merely?) harrow us again. I had to scrounge for a reason in myself to justify the existence of *The Boat Is Full*, and the only one I could come up with is baldly utilitarian: maybe the film will do some good. The world is still full of boat people, whether or not literally in boats. Maybe Imhoof's film will help, in some small way, to sensitize us to them.

I don't really believe it. But it's the best rationale I could come up with.

NOW—if a small white space can help us to change subjects so extremely—to the question of a different freedom, contemporary sexual freedom. In Berlin!

Taxi zum Klo (*Taxi to the Toilet*) was made in West Berlin by a homosexual, Frank Ripploh, with himself in the leading role playing himself and with a cast mostly of friends playing themselves. Ripploh, a former grade-school teacher, tells the autobiographical story of his sex life and his teaching. (The conflict between the two, not included in the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Chariots of Fire. Exhilarating, lovely, finally grave. The true story of two British Olympic runners, 1924, used for complex social comedy-drama.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. It ends more in mystification than mystery, but this double story—of 1867 England and the actors making the 1867 story—has rich texture and is finely acted.

Priest of Love. Ian McKellen is magnetic as D. H. Lawrence in this biographical picture, though the film as a whole is lumpy and faintly ludicrous.

Stevie. Glenda Jackson as the poet Stevie Smith, Mona Washbourne as her aunt, in a film of small physical dimension and large spiritual size.

S.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film, made a controversial, much-publicized case in West Germany.) The picture also deals extensively with the affair between Ripploh and Bernd Broaderup, played by Bernd Broaderup. The affair, which apparently still continues, has troubles because Frank is a philanderer and Bernd is monogamous.

Taxi zum Klo was shown at the recent New York Film Festival, and after the press screening, there was a conference with Ripploh. He was asked whether he had been influenced by the English film *Nighthawks* (TNR, September 1, 1979), which is also about a gay schoolteacher, and Ripploh said that he had not seen *Nighthawks* until his own film was finished, that he thought *Nighthawks* melancholy and his own film comic.

He's not alone in his view of his film: for instance, it won this year's Max Ophuls Prize, and the jury called it "an erotic comedy in the spirit of Max Ophuls." Baffles me. Leaving comparisons with Ophuls out of it—far out of it, in my view—I thought Ripploh's film was grim, beginning with the title. Men's rooms are of course great cruising grounds for gays, but scenes of sex—or assignation—in toilets don't strike me as comic. Would a heterosexual film called *Taxi to the Toilet* sound like an invitation to brightness? If the answer is that heterosexuals aren't forced to latrine rendezvous, that only reinforces my point. To view that title and those scenes as comic, possibly to be forced to view them that way, is a symptom of desperation, brought about by social strictures, no doubt, but for that reason all the less funny.

The drag balls, the stealthy ballet of the pickup, the poignant bravery under the makeup, all these are familiar from Fassbinder and many others, which doesn't make them less true here but certainly makes them much less than novel and in no way makes them comic. I was handicapped further by my reaction to Ripploh himself, who is on screen most of the time. Gay or straight, he's not a person I want to look at and care about for an hour and a half.

Also I think that, under the banner of freedom, an inequity is being advanced. When Julie Christie said in *Shampoo* that she wanted to fellate Warren Beatty, she had to dive out of sight under a restaurant table to do it. Ripploh and friends do their fellating in plain sight. And Ripploh can't resist showing us—often—his anus, on one pretext or another. No heterosexual film that I know, outside porn, has dared to do these things or their equivalents. How about film equality for heteros?

Actually I'd prefer reticence and suggestion for all sexual persuasions. I know no steamier scene in film than the one in *Persona* where Bibi Andersson sits in a chair, fully clothed, and recounts her participation in an orgy. What makes the frankness in *Taxi* especially unacceptable is that the eagerness to call it a comedy and the lack of objection to its explicitness seem to indicate less breadth of spirit and Rabelaisian gusto than bourgeois nervousness at being thought prudish. It's possible that Ripploh and his colleagues, as well as gays in the film's audience, are exulting in their exploitation of that nervousness.

Robert Brustein On Theater

In the Constructive Element, Immerse

I approached the marathon Royal Shakespeare Company production of *Nicholas Nickleby* prepared less to review a play than to enlist in one: four hours in the afternoon, four and a half hours in the evening, with less than an hour permitted for dinner in between. I got through my basic training more exhilarated than exhausted. You may need steel buttocks to sit through this show, but a stiff behind is about the only discomfort you're likely to experience.

Nicholas Nickleby
Adapted by David Edgar

Nicholas Nickleby is popular theater at its best—a great big delicious pudding designed for shameless gorging. It is probably what Brecht meant by "culinary" theater—consumed without difficulty, easily digested, leaving a pleasant aftertaste for hours. At last the theater is offering the kind of pleasures that movies do routinely. What it is also offering—and this is rare in movies—is the spectacle of a great ensemble of actors working in perfect harmony. The company displays not only dash and polish, qualities one has come to expect of the English, but unflagging energy, powers of transformation, intelligence, zest, and ebullient spirits. The production is clearly a group creation. David Edgar is credited with the adaptation, and there is unquestionably a strong crafting hand guiding the plotting and characterization (also some brilliantly original touches, such as a sidesplitting *Beyond the Fringe*-type parody of the tomb scene in *Romeo and Juliet* in which all the dead characters but Tybalt come back to life). But the accretion of detail has been contributed by the directors (Trevor Nunn and John Caird) and a company of 39 splendid actors. As a theatrical adaptation of a Dickens novel, *Nicholas Nickleby* approaches David Lean's movie of *Great Expectations*, still the finest example, to my mind, of a work transferred from literature to drama.

Lean's two-hour movie was a condensation; this production tries to put an entire novel on the stage. Many of the episodes go by too fast to make an impression, and the production sometimes seems impatient with its own ambitions. What keeps one's interest from flagging is the story which continues to thread through the interstices of the various subplots. This story is not the most subtle Dickens ever told—the coincidences alone are enough to shake one's faith in accident—but it is spread over a vast social canvas, crammed with lovely characters, including the usual Dickensian gallery of the virtuous, the villainous, and the eccentric. The central narrative concerns Nicholas's struggles to combat poverty and injustice in the face of a harsh, unforgiving world as embodied in a huge circus of evil characters, chief among them his uncle Ralph Nickleby. The conflict is passionately acted by Roger Rees, lean and fervent as Nicholas, and by John Woodvine as a steely, hooded Ralph Nickleby. Woodvine, especially, brings a Dostoevskian nihilism to a part that in the writing seems to be an early sketch for Scrooge—cold and indifferent toward suffering, regarding any act of compassion or un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selfishness with the curiosity of a scientist examining the reproductive patterns of amoebas. (I should like to see this actor play Bosola in *The Duchess of Malfi*, another vicious character intrigued by idiosyncratic displays of goodness.)

Aside from Ralph Nickleby's ultimate disintegration in the face of his own vileness, there is very little process or change in any of the characters. Only Nicholas can be said to develop, and only in the growth and maturity of his social conscience. Employed as a tutor in a school of cruelty and bestiality run by the disgusting one-eyed Squeers and his loathsome family, Nicholas impotently watches the poor wretched boarders being starved, maltreated, and whipped, and takes action only when Squeers brutally beats the twisted, helpless runaway Smike. From this point on, he is ready to use his fists whenever he sees an act of cruelty or injustice, whether it is a nobleman insulting his sister Kate, or his uncle Ralph preparing to sell Madeleine Bray to the miserly Gride. This activism of Nicholas represents the awakening of 19th-century liberalism; his 20th-century interpreters advance the liberal theme even further in the final moments of the play: Nicholas—who has ended up with love, happiness, money, and all his enemies confounded—stands on the stage, holding another wretched foundling in his arms, staring determinedly at an audience which has been brought cheering to its feet.

It is no doubt churlish at this point to note that this is precisely the kind of futile, limited, charitable gesture that has made liberalism look so smug and impotent to its enemies; it also suggests why Brecht was so contemptuous of the "culinary." Is the newly affluent Nicholas prepared for any personal sacrifices other than taking one more social victim into his home? Similarly, Nicholas's relationship with his faithful, devoted Smike looks to us less that of a close friend than a kind master petting a crippled puppy who continually licks his hand, and his impetuous nature, so oddly violent for a Dickens character, is always justified on the basis of his hatred for injustice. *Nicholas Nickleby* is designed to leave the audience feeling good about human nature, good about the results of social action, good about itself, without exacting any payment except the price of its tickets. One character makes humorous reference to those Americans who "are much devoted to the grand gesture—I have it on the best authority, they'll pay anything." But the same Americans who are shelling out $100 a ticket for an evening of entertainment are likely to avoid the mass of suffering humanity just a few steps away on Eighth Avenue (yes, I do my best to avoid them too). Dickens had a profound understanding of human evil; what he didn't tell us much about was the price of feeling virtuous. The aura of self-righteousness and self-satisfaction that drenches the novel also permeates the production—particularly in the episodes involving Nicholas's sister Kate, and the dastardly Lovelaces who try to seduce her in scenes that look backward to Clarissa Harlowe and forward to Little Nell. Still, if there is something almost quaint about the pre-Marxian politics of this work, there is something almost contemporary about it too: Ralph Nickleby responds to the outstretched hand of a starving beggar by saying, "I'm sixty and neither worthless nor destitute—work, sir, work," and Squeers feeds his students brimstone and molasses and waters their morning milk (well, at least he doesn't pass off the ketchup as a vegetable).

Moreover, one is so grateful for a theater piece that tries to offer us a fully dimensioned social world that one feels ungracious caviling about the simplified nature of that world. And the actors bring so much belief to their parts, and so much gusto, that they almost have us believing the sentiment too. Part of the joy that the audience experiences surely comes from those who perform the play, and perform it with such pleasure. This kind of material connects perfectly with the openness of an English actor's imagination because, along with being pre-Marxian, it is also pre-Freudian. The characters bear no burden of neurosis or internalization—except for some mild passes by the aristocratic villains, they don't even seem to have any sexuality. What we get instead are 119 confidently sketched individuals whose surface manifestations are instantly conveyed. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the sequences involving the Vincent Crummles troupe of traveling players are among the most satisfying in the production; the Infant Phenomenon, the drunken character actor, the sleek heavy, the aging ingenue—these are known tintypes that experienced repertory actors can depict with affection, amusement, detachment, and reality.

THUS, the pleasures one finally takes home from the evening are not just those of seeing a story told well, or watching a lively novel transferred vividly to the stage, or feeling our nodding social consciences awakened, but rather those of witnessing a large and brilliant company working skillfully and tirelessly on a highly complicated project. We have seen these techniques of transformation employed before (in Paul Sills's *Story Theater*) but never so ambitiously. And while the Royal Shakespeare Company has provided us in the past with more profound experiences and more innovative productions—Peter Brook's *Marat-Sade*, for example, and his *Midsummer Night's Dream*—it has offered nothing with wider sweep or more intricate stagecraft. Beside Wagner's *Ring* cycle, *Nicholas Nickleby* passes as quickly as a Beckett play, but still it is a major achievement to keep us so fascinated for eight and a half hours. This is a triumph of the stage rather than of dramatic art, but it is a triumph nevertheless, and anything that brings so much pleasure to audiences has to be respected. With this production, the Royal Shakespeare Company demonstrates that it is a popular theater, turning away from a pessimistic modernism toward a constructive happy view of life. But it also convinces us that it is a great theater, capable of doing any play in the repertory. *Nicholas Nickleby* will fill American theater people with envy; it should also fill us with hope.

PUT YOUR BELIEFS INTO ACTION....

OPEN Invest in Open Housing

Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods.

For facts, clip and mail to: NR 9

Morris Milgram
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Zip: _____

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description— available only in states where these securities may be offered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark Crispin Miller On Television

Black and White

The word "racism" ought to be as complex as the tangled thing which it denotes; and so it should be handled carefully, as a delicate gauge to help assess an old and varied problem. All too often, however, the word is used as a blunt instrument, cutting conversations short and making people circumspect. Thus wielded, it is not an analytic or descriptive term, but a mere accusation, based on a limited conception of racism. It is, first of all, a reduction of the whole range and history of our interracial struggles to the crude oppression of one side by the other. And this "racism" is as abstract as it is one-sided. It is not a social or historical phenomenon but merely a dark impulse, atavistic and irrational, lurking in every white heart and nowhere else.

Although the charge of "racism" is ostensibly intended to expose the secret thoughts and deeds of bigotry, it is actually a means of concealment. It inhibits frank discussion of what really happens between blacks and whites today; it demands the suppression of any experience that might contradict the sentimental myth of simple, unilateral persecution. The charge of "racism," in other words, forces us to ignore the very conflicts that have kept racism going: it demands not that we resolve our differences, but that we repress them, and this insistence on repression has perverted all our thinking about race. What we often consider "racist" nowadays is not the mistreatment of one race by another, but the mere acknowledgment of differences between blacks and whites—different histories, different cultures, unequal origins within these borders.

There are more middle-class blacks than there used to be, and whites often act very tolerant. There are other important improvements besides. But old conflicts remain. By repressing those realities, we have not simply failed to eliminate them—we have actually made them worse, maintaining the old inequities under an up-to-date disguise. In trying to escape the uneasy deadlock of slaves and masters, we have stereotyped ourselves back into it, thanks to that simplistic "racism" which we all abhor. Many blacks now present themselves as angry victims of (white) racism, and as nothing more; and many whites, guilt-ridden and uncertain, eagerly defer to that black self-image, taking all responsibility, as masters must. This national psychodrama may seem like a sign of progress, but it perpetuates the worst aspects of a racist society —all blacks as victims, all whites as victimizers, the two neurotically united forever.

Strong contrasts, lots of pathos, easy distinctions between weak (good) and strong (bad)—this is the stuff of television, which reflects (and half creates) these crude impressions. Television illuminates our racial woes, just as it illuminates our other social problems: inadvertently, by exemplifying (and so prolonging) the very flaws which it purports to analyze.

Take "America—Black and White," a 90-minute documentary on our racial problems produced by NBC and broadcast on September 9. The title couldn't have been more fitting. For one thing, it summed up the program's conclusion that "America still remains, in many ways, two nations," that blacks are still outcasts in this free country. And, unfortunately, the title also provides an apt critical judgment of the show itself, which turned the recent history of race relations into prime-time melodrama reducing complexities to black and white.

"Reported by Garrick Utley, with Emery King," the show swept far and wide across American society, moving from the suburbs of New York to Harvard University, from the rural South to Watts and Detroit, and elsewhere. And yet, despite its travels, the show got nowhere. Its conclusion was a simple one: that America's blacks are still suffering because of "racial attitudes—prejudice, racism."

Although this doesn't explain much (at the end of 90 minutes, we might expect more complicated arguments) this evocation of a vague "racism" does have a certain aesthetic advantage for the purposes of video. Like many other shows, "America—Black and White" used "racism" as the basis for a series of contrived dramatic situations, featuring blacks and whites as two crude opponents: villains and victims. It was social criticism at the low level of "Roots." Although the program told us little about racism in our society, it revealed a lot about the subtle sort of racism that pervades television news. The program, in fact, was typical of television (news and "entertainment" shows alike), which usually belittles blacks in the very act of taking their side, while dismissing whites entirely. It may be the most dangerous sort of racism, because it is subtle, seems benevolent, and is often expressed in shows that come across as true reflections of "the way it is."

This sentimental racism works through dual caricature. All of America's whites, we infer, are equally devious, heartless, and remote, united in their groundless "prejudice." White students at Harvard, white parents in New York were not to be distinguished from the likes of Strom Thurmond and the Ku Klux Klan. And while the whites came across as a pitiless horde, the blacks were, time and again, embodied in some single pitiable figure—The Black, an eternal victim who suffers beautifully.

Of course, this broad device demanded that the whites be utterly dehumanized. The show began with a report on Rosedale, New York, a once "all-white community" whose original residents now feel themselves hemmed in by a growing black population. First we saw the bad guys. "These are some of the white voices of Rosedale," Utley said, introducing some grainy footage of several tense, middle-aged whites sitting around and complaining about affirmative action. Utley provided the background. In 1977, he said, the local school "had three black students for every white one. White parents said the school was overcrowded, that their children were being harassed by blacks." The whites kept trying to start another school, with a black enrollment of only 40 percent, and the blacks, assisted by the federal government, defeated all those efforts. With implicit disapproval,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the program showed a few more snippets of white discontent. "I won't send my child into a school where he's going to be a token white," one woman protested. "Why? I don't feel it's a healthy atmosphere."

This is, obviously, a case of "prejudice." Isn't it? Consider Utley's formulation of the whites' grievances: "*White parents said* the school was overcrowded, that their children were being harassed by blacks." By compressing the charges into a sort of list, the sentence implies that the whites were coming up with a lot of desperate excuses. Its emphasis is not on the atmosphere at school, but on the white parents' claim that the atmosphere was bad; such emphasis has the effect of making the claim seem dishonest. And was it? Were the children being harassed? It would seem to be a crucial question, one that a good reporter would pursue, and yet the makers of this documentary (who can afford to send their children off to private schools) did not bother to address it.

"In the past," Utley hurried on, the whites "would have moved out," but today "they can't afford to. Since they cannot escape blacks, they have to face them—face David Fleming." Cut to Fleming, a youngish and attractive black man, talking in his living room: "I call them the Archie Bunker Syndrome group," he smiles. "They are afraid of any change." Fleming, a youngish and attrac- —"a salesman of surgical instruments," Utley said, who came to Rosedale "looking for a larger home for his growing family." With Fleming as its momentary hero, the show began cross-cutting from Fleming as he talked about Rosedale to Fleming as he drove his son to Little League, coaching all the way (". . . and *never* take your eye off the ball!"). After this fancy bit of montage, the program took us to "the graduation ceremony at a school for gifted children," where Fleming's daughter gave the valedictory: "We should set our goals high and strive to meet them," etc.

So these were some of the blacks whom Rosedale's whites "cannot escape"! Now why should anyone want to "escape" such people? Is it possible that David Fleming and his gifted daughter like to roam the school grounds, wielding surgical instruments? Obviously not. What we were meant to think, however, is equally absurd, and much more destructive.

Fleming was used as Sidney Poitier was used in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, and as so many blacks have been used in films and on television: not as a sterling character who might make racists feel ashamed, but as a means to deny what whites find most terrifying about blacks. The image of Fleming was meant as reassurance that blacks are never violent, that the black underclass is not dangerous, because blacks and whites are exactly the same, "under the skin." Fleming seemed, in fact, whiter than the whites—peppy entrepreneur, family man, owner of a house and car, etc.; a solid citizen, as opposed to those "white voices" that refuse to vanish. If it weren't for "racism," in other words, Our Way of Life could contain all differences, by painlessly erasing them. And yet, in fact, it is not our System that erases differences, but television, with its constant repressions of the unpleasant.

IN SHOWS like this, television represses the real effects of slavery, even while purporting to lament that institution. By insisting that blacks and whites are entirely alike, television denies the cultural barriers that slavery necessarily created; barriers that have hardened over years and years, and that still exist, exacerbating all those complicated hatreds that must endure between masters and slaves. These hatreds have never been more intense and debilitating than they are now, as blacks and whites commingle in our cities, many blacks becoming more frustrated, many whites discovering what it feels like to be openly menaced by the other side. In other words, both races suffer. Television, meanwhile, constantly simplifies these hatreds, calling them "racism" and blaming them all on one side: "America—Black and White" presented whites as the detached authors of black suffering, as if this country were no

IN THIS LIFE

Nights that summer of swing shift,
I pedalled home, balanced between day's heat
and dewpoint on a secondhand bicycle.

I cut the thick streets of darkness,
past moth-swarmed porch lights, televisions'
ghostly gleam, houses vigilant in repose

where a motherly sentry on a prickly couch
might drowse. Or a wife lie alert
for a husband's slackened breathing

that would give her back to herself
a moment before sleep took her as well.
None of these lives was mine.

I climbed what passed for hills
in the town's slow rise from the river,
sailing through intersections, unflagged

by the dormant traffic signals. Sycamore trees
gloved street lights, spectral as fingers
held over a flashlight, skin infused red

around twigs of bone—inside the body
more opaque than night where, however cloaked,
some presence could always be discerned—

just a black dog sniffing garbage cans.
Arms night-pale in the available light,
breath tearing in exuberant rags, I rode

past what I thought I knew about that place,
under the trees' swaying arch, into something
cavernous, blue-black, beyond thought.

Into headlights. I swerved. Then I was splayed
on a limp lawn. I don't know if the driver
saw me—if he was shaken as I was to find

himself intact, in this life deeper than ever.

DEBORA GREGER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different from South Africa; and all that's needed, the show implied, is for whites to have a change of heart, as in some old Frank Capra movie. It is not a useful message, or a timely one. While many of yesterday's white liberals are now edgy and disillusioned, feeling they have learned a bitter lesson, this "documentary" merely preached these misconceptions: that blacks are the only ones in pain, that whites are the only ones who hate.

The real crime of Rosedale's whites, then, was that they called attention to those differences which television labors to repress. They had the gall to feel menaced by a black majority, when we all know, from watching television, that blacks are incapable of the sort of resentment that can turn violent; that blacks, in other words, aren't really human. For this inconvenient behavior, the whites were appropriately punished by the program, which presented them as irrelevant, ludicrous, "prejudiced," "the Archie Bunker Syndrome group," "afraid of any change." If "racism," as we often hear, entails the demotion of some ethnic group to the status of nonpersons, then this program was racist in its presentation of the whites.

And yet, as broadly "pro-black" as the program seemed, its depiction of the blacks was entirely offensive, and far more damaging than the dismissal of those dim "white voices." The show offered us a series of black protagonists, each one a sort of tragic hero, slightly overplayed. Fleming was the first of these noble underdogs. He emerged as the star of Rosedale in the opening report's last scene, a bitter school board hearing where the whites tried, once again, to regain the *status quo* ante. The show's partisanship was now unmistakable, the cameras following the proceedings from the blacks' points of view, and clearly lionizing David Fleming. He was shot from a very low angle, so that he seemed gigantic, overpoweringly righteous, as he orated to his allies in the familiar pulpit-thumping style: "You will walk," he intoned, with biblical passion and unclarity, "and you will serve as juggernauts! And no Dolores Grant, or poor other ignorant, bigoted racists, whether they be on this school board, or whether they be walking with white sheets in dark alleys!" After finishing, to wild applause, Fleming sprang up to the table at the front of the room, where the school board members were sitting, and got into a shouting match with one of them, as the camera followed close behind him, catching all the fuss. And then the meeting broke up acrimoniously, blacks and whites exchanging jeers and shrill charges.

Who won? It is another crucial question. The images suggested black defeat—black people shouting at those dour whites up on the dais, blacks leaving the room, bitterly denouncing their apparent persecutors—and, more importantly, David Fleming, the blacks' representative, was acting like a loser. Clearly egged on by the presence of the camera at his stomach, he struck the familiar pose of noble struggle; and when he leapt to confront his oppressors, he appeared to be acting from a sense of uncontrollable frustration. It seemed a familiar spectacle: the blacks going down in glorious defeat as usual. It was therefore downright jarring, and almost incredible, to hear Utley say that the blacks had won, that the whites had lost—because television teaches us that blacks don't know how to win.

The other reports were similarly cast. At Harvard, we learned, most of the 502 black students were recently angered by the release of a document called the Klitgaard Report, drafted by a special assistant to the president: "Blacks and women scored high on entrance exams," the report concluded, "but did not perform well once admitted to the university." Harvard should therefore "not compete so heavily for blacks," who might do better at "slightly lesser institutions."

The release of this report was represented as another act of cruel racism, and, here again, the point was made through strokes of drama. Was the Klitgaard Report inaccurate? Or just impolitic? And does it have to mean that blacks and women are dumber than white males? Rather than deal with such questions, our reporters simply found themselves another personable underdog: a pretty coed named Rosalynn Roos, who spoke at length of her depression. Of course, her lonely sorrow had to appear against the backdrop of a cold white multitude, and so there were shots of various white under-

R K P

THE BLACK FLAG

A Look Back at the Strange Case of
Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti
Brian Jackson

Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian immigrant anarchists, were arrested for robbery and murder in 1920 and tried in an era of "anti-Red" fervor best exemplified by then Attorney General Palmer's statement: "Each and every adherent of this movement is a potential murderer or a potential thief, and deserves no consideration."

After thorough research, Brian Jackson comments: "It can hardly be maintained that guilt was proven at the time. But theirs was not an age of reason in American history. Both were guilty — and proudly so — of a cultural crime. They were foreign, working-class, armed and anarchist . . . In the end it was for this that the State executed them."
$12.95 cloth only.

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
9 Park Street, Boston, MA 02108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graduates—more "white voices"—questioning the wisdom of racial quotas; these were "conservative whites," said Emery King, without explaining what that meant. The report ended with a group of black students singing dolefully on some steps.

The show's final segment was the strangest. There was footage of some vicious geeks at a Klan rally in Connecticut, and then we saw what was presumably a corrective to such atrocity: Dr. Charles King, "president of the Urban Crisis Center in Atlanta," goes around "conducting sensitivity seminars on race," and we saw some of his work. King, a towering boor with a voice like the blast of a hostile tuba, stood before a mixed group of college students, provoking the whites with theatrical explosions of self-pity. "What do you mean by 'oppressing'?" asked one earnest white type. "Am I oppressing black people?" "Yes, because you asked, 'What is oppression?'" King bellowed illogically. "Since you *know* what oppression is, *you* are one of the persons *doing* it through your damn *ignorance*, *fool*!" King's purpose, Utley chimed in, is "to get whites and blacks to face their own racial attitudes," which is one way of putting it, although it looked like just another est-type scam, with King mooing belligerently at his shifty white viewers: "If *you* would *feel* the problem, then *we* would not *have* a problem as a *race*!"

BETWEEN the dramas of Fleming, Roos, and King, there were other, sadder moments, as various destitute persons came and went, none of them star material—young men who seemed old and broken, people who can't learn to read. The show punctuated these appearances with shots of nasty-looking politicians (Strom Thurmond, Ronald Reagan, Orrin Hatch), which made the villains/victims thesis seem pretty accurate. All the show's blacks, in other words, were meant to come across as *poignant* figures, whether charismatic or pathetic, whether well-to-do or on the brink.

Although contrived with the best intentions, this sort of presentation can only work against black progress. Watching such shows, we begin to assume that blacks can't ever win, that their plight is eternal, a fact of nature. Apparently, David Fleming and Rosalynn Roos, for all their personal successes, still inhabit that nether region of shanties and welfare. And, conversely, the black poor are not remarkable for their poverty, their membership in a certain social class—a condition which could, presumably, be changed—but for their blackness, a condition of permanent woe.

As presented in this and other programs, the blacks seem unlikely to improve their lot because they seem to take to suffering with such soulful gusto. The show consistently aestheticized the black plight: the Harvard students sang, in their unhappiness; B.B. King sang "There's Got to Be a Better World"; and there were those rousing theatrical moments when King and Fleming hammed it up. This kind of thing may be inevitable on television, which will always use the best (i.e., broadest) shots; and, to their credit, the makers of such programs surely want to make a strong impression. But whatever the reasons, it must be recognized that television has impaired the black movement by turning the various black styles—behavioral, rhetorical, musical—into stereotypic signs of authenticity. Television seems "right on" for bringing us, say, shows like "Good Times" or the ranting of a Dr. Charles King. Such hopped up displays give the false impression that progress has occurred simply because blacks appear on television.

No one is innocent in this process. If television has transformed black politics into a stale docudrama, it is because blacks have enjoyed the opportunity, and whites have enjoyed the show. Indeed, to explain it any differently—to say that blacks have simply been "oppressed" by the medium—would be inexcusably racist, suggesting that blacks are too passive and too feeble to be held accountable for their behavior. It is an odious assumption, and a familiar one; and it was the guiding assumption of this show.

"If *you* would *feel* the problem, then *we* would not *have* a problem as a *race*!" Not only is this formula naive, implying that one's emotional response can overcome political and cultural realities; but it is profoundly slavish. It suggests that blacks are obsessed by whites, the weak waiting angrily for the strong to do something; and so it bespeaks the surrender of all responsibility in an outburst of blame and self-pity: "All my problems are your fault!"

The program did not just provide a forum for these sentiments, but actively encouraged them in its quest for the pathetic. However, the program exploited these displays of bitterness for more than merely sensational purposes. These images helped to convey the show's real message, which was that blacks are weak and need to be protected—by the white viewer, by the television industry, by the government. If the villains/victims structure places all the blame on the villains' side, it looks there too for all effective action. Blacks are like unto little children, the show implied throughout; they can't do right, and so, of course, they can't do wrong.

"Meet Augustus Williams's family," said Utley somberly over footage of some children in a squalid shack. "He and Betty, the woman he lives with, have ten children." "This is the home of Carrie Washington," he said at another such point. "She is 31 years old, has nine children, and no husband." These reports on black poverty in Mississippi made very clear that these people are in real distress; but Utley seemed to exploit those sufferers to make a condescending point. He simply took for granted the existence of all those hungry children, never asking the parents why they had so many little ones under such circumstances, never bothering to analyze those circumstances. He implied in short that these people were absolutely helpless, so lame that it was pointless to suggest that they try to help themselves, even a little. Such reports were meant as a pitch for further government assistance, but they went too far, depicting the poor as gentle, feeble animals.

THUS Utley, all unknowing, helped to perpetuate the very misery which he was trying to redress, by endorsing, perhaps even celebrating, that helplessness which is the basic problem. The show itself was implicated in the same contradiction. It actually exalted itself as the protector of those huddled masses, who, it appeared, would have curled up and died if it weren't for the intercession of the news people; the show, in other words, seemed to be standing in for the reluctant government. This was the general sense of the documentary, with its eagerness to champion the blacks, and at times it became explicit. We followed an illiterate youth named Cortez Walker as he looked despondently for work. "On this day," said Emery King, Walker "was turned away from two other loca-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions before he tried a Burger King downtown."

"What kind of trouble do you have?" asked King. "I have trouble, like, pronouncing some of the words on the application," Walker answered. Then, in voice-over, King made this heartrending revelation: "His only experience—some culinary training in reform school. But, had we not been there, the management would never have known about it," because Walker couldn't read the word "culinary." Then, under the camera's watchful eye, Walker turned in his application, albeit halfheartedly.

It was a sad scene, and it was very noble of the crew to step in and help; but this was small compensation for the general destruction which television has helped to bring about among its young black viewers. If they can't read, it may have something to do with their having grown up watching hours and hours of television, which, "Sesame Street" to the contrary, does not do much for literacy. If they feel powerless and bitter, it may have something to do with that flood of bright commercials, which tempts them endlessly with visions of a million things they can't hope to buy. If they feel that their anger is meaningless, it may have something to do with that television world that shines on forever, without showing the slightest trace of their unbearable rage. And if they feel isolated, and have no feeling of community outside the gangs, it could have something to do with the general disappearance of all community into our gray-lit living rooms, and with the hastening disintegration of the black movements, which television has helped to bring about. In short, the subtlest unpleasantness which television has repressed in its years of "covering" the racial issue may be television itself, which makes slaves of those who entrust it with their freedom.

Dr. Pangloss Meets Cassandra

The Ultimate Resource
by Julian L. Simon

(Princeton University Press; $14.50)

If the reception of *The Limits to Growth* and *The Global 2000 Report* taught us nothing else it should have taught us that the Greeks were right. In the public relations game only optimism sells. Cassandra spoke the truth, but she was not believed. As Teiresias in Euripides's *The Phoenician Women* says: "A man's a fool to use the prophet's trade. For if he happens to bring bitter news he's hated by the man for whom he works."

In an engagingly frank introduction to *The Ultimate Resource* economist Julian L. Simon tells us that he used to be a Malthusian. At a particular well-remembered moment in 1969 he had a revelation that turned him into a born-again optimist. He is now making a very good thing out of his salvation, selling optimism by the bucketfuls to newspapers, magazines, and television.

The ultimate resource, Simon says, is people, and no limit can be set to what people may accomplish. What we usually call resources are mere phantasms. Simon's conclusions are highly palatable to budget evaders, car salesmen, realtors, advertisers, land speculators, and optimists in general; scientists find them appalling. According to Simon, natural resources are getting less scarce; pollution is decreasing; worldwide, food per person is increasing; the faster the population grows, the greater the prosperity; every additional person born into the population is a boon; larger is better than smaller; the more immigrants we take in the better off our economy will be; diminishing returns is a meaningless concept; and there are no diseconomies of scale.

This is not optimism, this is euphoria. There has been nothing like it since the Marquis de Condorcet wrote his hymn to hope in 1793, *An Historical Picture of the Progress of the Human Mind*, while hiding from the French Revolution (which he had supported from the beginning). Condorcet made a grand survey of the history of humanity. The succession of stages—tribalism, pastoralism, agriculturalism, the Greek experience, the

"One of the most important books on Russian history to have appeared in recent years."

—Sidney Monas

THE ORIGINS OF AUTOCRACY

Ivan the Terrible in Russian History

ALEXANDER YANOV

A provocative and highly original study. Yanov investigates the compelling power of Tsar Ivan IV over Russia's present and future, especially through his hold on the historical imagination.

"Extremely stimulating reflections on the course and meaning of Russian history." —*Robert O. Crummey*

$19.95

At bookstores

University of California Press

Berkeley 94720

"Dwight Macdonald is that rare—no, unique—critic who combines the highest, most uncompromising standards with an ease and felicity of expression that everyone, high and low, can thoroughly enjoy."

—John Simon

ON MOVIES

by Dwight Macdonald

Introduction by John Simon

500 pp., 26 photos/ $9.95

Da Capo Press

233 Spring St. New York

N.Y. 10013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dark Ages, the birth of science, etc.—he divided into ten epochs of which nine had been completed. Humanity was now moving into the tenth and last (Utopians apparently cannot free their dream worlds from the illusion of finality). Affiliating his persona to the panorama of time, Condorcet was, despite the bleakness of his prospects, intoxicated with the future of history. Speaking of himself as "the philosopher," i.e., the lover of wisdom, he concluded his book with this paean: "How admirably calculated is this picture of the human race [to console the philosopher] for the errors, the crimes, the injustice, with which the earth is polluted, and whose victim he often is!" We cannot but admire his courage in writing so optimistically of mankind when his personal situation was so hopeless. Shortly after finishing his book (which was published two years later), Condorcet left his refuge and immediately met the fate he foresaw—death at the hands of the Revolution.

THAT alarums should breed euphoria may seem strange, but on closer examination it makes sense. Nature has her own dialectic: when the future looks really hopeless you might as well be euphoric. Since no future is ever absolutely determined, psychological denial puts you in the best shape to seize whatever opportunities fortune may throw your way.

The parallel between Condorcet and Simon is more than superficial. The revolution that threatens Simon's peace is not political but intellectual. The simpleminded concept of progress (largely technological progress) that governed most policymaking during the past 200 years is now under severe attack, and the bitter news of real limits is more than the naive devotees of progress can bear. Denying reality, they embrace euphoria. Simon gives them an intellectual base for being born again as optimists.

Simon's first problem is to exorcize the terror of the finite, which he does by trend analysis and theory. Since the price of refined copper and wheat, in real dollars, has (ignoring short-term fluctuations) been on a downward trend for the past 200 years, it follows (he implies) that these commodities will forever become cheaper. But, as René Dubos has said, "Trend is not destiny." The last two centuries are only a moment in the life of the human species. What does the future hold?

The most important unknown in the future is the rate of development of new technology. Unfortunately there is no simple way to measure this rate. For a variety of reasons, the number of patents applied for and the number of scientific papers published per year do not give us the answer. For one thing, the "publish or perish" policy of universities encourages a cancerous growth of scientific papers. A measure of true progress has not been devised, but that does not stop Simon from pronouncing, "The pace of development of new technology in general is increasing." The Pope is not the only one who can speak *ex cathedra*.

That there might be theoretical limits to the supply of resources or the development of technology Simon denies on the most general grounds. The method he uses to establish the essential limitlessness of the world was exactly prefigured by Condorcet. In Simon's words:

> The length of a one inch line is finite in the sense that it is bounded at both ends. But the line within the end points contains an infinite number of points; these points cannot be counted, because they have no defined size. Therefore the number of points in that one inch segment is not finite. Similarly, the quantity of copper that will ever be available to us is not finite, because there is no method (even in principle) of making an appropriate count.

The translation of this statement is simple: anything that is infinitely divisible is infinite in quantity. So Simon says.

If this is the proper way to analyze resource problems Simon should, as a licensed economist, also tell people: "Don't worry about the small size of your bank account. You can always divide the dollars into cents, and if you still don't have enough divide the cents into mils. If that still isn't enough we can create a yet smaller unit so that you can have as many units as you want. You're rich!" Had Simon illustrated his argument with the appropriate economic example he would surely have seen his error.

OR WOULD he? Possibly sensing the preposterousness of his position he falls back on two other arguments. As concerns our copper resources we must consider "the possibility of creating copper or its economic equivalent from other materials." Create copper from other materials? This is sheer alchemy, which science abandoned three centuries ago. True, nuclear physics furnishes a marginal—to use a favorite word of economists—defense of this possibility. With high energy radiation it is possible to produce a tiny amount of copper from other metals, but this yield is so slight that no one has ever bothered to calculate the cost. This is hardly the way to create what a responsible economist would call an infinite supply of copper.

As for the "economic equivalent" of copper, this raises the popular thesis of the "infinite substitutability of materials." It is true, of course, that as copper becomes higher in price we find that we can substitute aluminum for the copper. What happens as aluminum becomes scarcer? Presumably we could substitute some other metal—perhaps silver or gold. But each new substitute also exists in finite supply. There can hardly be an infinite number of substitutes, and in any case the mass of the earth (or of the solar system, or of the Milky Way, if you wish) is limited. The substitutability game is a game of musical chairs. Substituting one element after another for copper eventually brings us back to copper itself. We cannot transcend a finite supply.

SIMON'S other attack on the concept of finitude can only be called jesuitical. Discussing the petroleum situation he says: "The number of wells that will eventually produce oil, and in what quantities, is not known or measurable at present and probably never will be, and hence it is not meaningfully finite." One can only conclude from this that whatever is "not meaningfully finite"—whatever that may mean—is infinite. I am sure mathematicians will be delighted with this new insight into the meaning of the infinite.

Important though Simon considers his theoretical approach, he mostly relies on empirical facts to beat the reluctant reader into submission. "Information overload" is endemic in our time so every expositor has to choose only a fraction of the published material available. As one might expect, Simon chooses optimistic reports. For instance, he bases his rosy view of the future of petroleum resources on the pronouncements of Vincent McKelvey, a longtime director of the U.S. Geological Survey. McKelvey spoke from a presti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gious platform, but it is astonishing that Simon does not realize how thoroughly McKelvey's pronouncements have been discredited. For nearly a quarter of a century there was a running battle between McKelvey and his fellow geologist M. King Hubbert. In effect Hubbert said, "The end is nigh," while McKelvey said, "Don't worry—there's plenty for everyone." Like Cassandra, Hubbert was not believed. Then, as the 1973 oil crisis approached, other geologists reexamined the arguments of McKelvey and Hubbert and concluded that Hubbert was right, noting that his projections had been uncannily accurate for two decades. Director McKelvey had been talking through his hat—his political hat. For the past ten years everyone who follows energy closely has known that M. King Hubbert is right, but his name is not to be found in Simon's book. Neither is there any recounting of his analysis. This is a pity because Simon, who leans heavily on the most simpleminded trend analysis, could learn much by a careful study of the sophisticated, ingenious, and open-minded methods of analysis used by Hubbert. Leaving Hubbert and his work out of a book-long discussion of resources is like omitting the names and works of Adam Smith and John Maynard Keynes from a treatise on economics.

Simon is, he admits, a "cornucopist," a person who thinks there's always plenty more in nature's cup. In his idiosyncratic view agricultural productivity will increase forever. Is water scarce? Drill more holes in the ground. The fact that water secured in this way is mined water and hence subject to depletion (as are all mined substances) goes unmentioned by Simon. Anyway, if water becomes more expensive we can resort to trickle irrigation. The fact that the benefits of this will soon be eaten up by the exponential growth of demand is never considered.

Discussing the stock of agricultural land under the pressure of population growth, Simon, like the fast change artist at a county fair, befuddles the reader with rapid rhetorical interchanges of "arable land" and "cultivated land," whereby he "proves" that the amount of agricultural land is increasing in the world. To Simon, as to a legion of economists, an acre is an acre, and a table of figures is the ultimate reality. Such economists are unable to see the difference between the rich glacial soil of Iowa corn land and worn-out tobacco land in Georgia. True, it is astonishing what a farmer can do with generous amounts of fertilizer and irrigation, but every corrective costs money (and energy). Agriculturalists are appalled when rich glacial till or fertile alluvial soil in an old flood plain is covered over by shopping malls, factory buildings, and highways. As M. Rupert Cutler, formerly Assistant Secretary for Agriculture, said: "Asphalt is the land's last crop." So it is in the rich countries; in poor countries the last crop is desert.

The Department of Agriculture estimates that the U.S. is losing a million acres of prime farmland each year to urban sprawl. Does this bother Simon? Not a bit! The paragraph in which he demolishes this bugaboo of the environmentalists is worth quoting in its entirety for it gives the flavor of the entire book.

> The idea that cities devour 'prime land' is a particularly clear example of the failure to grasp economic principles. Let's take the concrete (asphalt?) case of a new shopping mall on the outskirts of Champaign-Urbana, Illinois. The key economic idea is that the mall land has greater

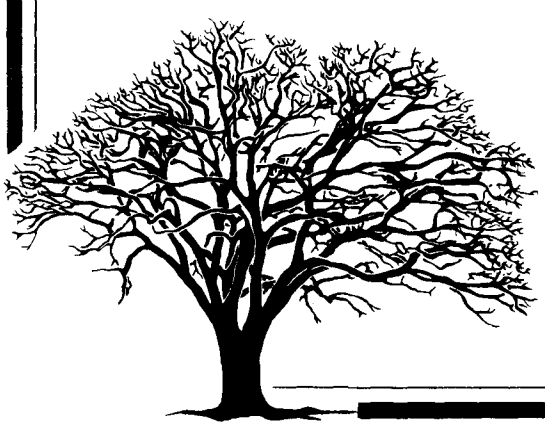
A family estate is a legacy to preserve and cherish. So it is with park-like Great Elm, a 50-acre expanse of lawns and gardens, woodlands, hills, and meadows. This elegant Eighteenth-Century estate is situated in Sharon's historic district, on the village green, in exclusive northwestern Connecticut.

Offering a *limited* number of 3-acre land parcels, with outstanding views of the Berkshires, all with underground utilities.

Only eight spacious condominium units in the estate buildings, each *individually* designed to retain the integrity of the existing interior architectural details.

Estate amenities: over-sized pool, tennis and platform-tennis courts; maintenance of private road, as well as mowing and snowplowing of individual properties, by the on-site superintendent and crew.

Protective covenants and careful planning ensure the preservation of . . .



GREAT ELM

Privacy. . . and. . . Spaciousness

Call G. Laurence McGowan
(203) 364-0667
or write
Great Elm, Ltd.
South Main Street
Sharon, Connecticut 06069

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

value to the economy as a shopping center than it does as a farm, wonderful though this Illinois land is for growing corn and soybeans. That's why the mall investors could pay the farmer enough to make it worthwhile for him or her to sell. A series of corn-y examples should bring out the point.

NOTE THE sleight of hand by which the economist substitutes "prime land" for "prime farmland," thus preparing the reader to evaluate the land solely in terms of price on the open market. At a particular moment an acre may indeed be more "valuable" (more revenue-producing) as a part of a shopping mall than as a grower of crops. A purely economic decision focuses on the moment. In practice, economics makes no allowance for future shifts in relative values. In the future the price of corn *relative to* the price of such competing economic goods as the stuff stores sell may rise precipitously. It certainly will if population growth gets out of hand.

A change in relative prices calls for a change in the economist's definition of "prime" and "highest use." If economic calculations could allow for such quite likely future changes then society could safely put the future in the hands of free-market economists. But the standard technique of "discounting" the future with a negative exponential function lays waste to the real future. With the high rate of interest prevailing now, the future—as the economist anticipates it—virtually disappears. When money is earning 20 percent interest, land anticipated to be worth a million dollars as farmland a generation from now (30 years) would command only $1,238 of today's money. What counts most is what income the land can bring in right now. High interest has the effect of virtually destroying the future—in the economist's calculations.

The professional inability of the economist to deal adequately with the future has an equally unfortunate corollary: economics is blind to the irrevocable. Thirty years from now a change in the relative prices of grains and commercial gewgaws may make land more valuable as farmland than as shopping malls; but the cost of clearing millions of tons of concrete, asphalt, glass, and chromium from what was once prime farmland can make the correction of the earlier error in judgment economically impossible. A society that listens only to economists ratchets its way to destruction.

Economic libertarians and doctrinaire free-market economists who concede no limits to the simple-minded method of discounting the future are today's providentialists. Pure economics will, in their view, create the best of all possible worlds. We need another Voltaire to write a new *Candide*.

Only political restraints (which are unacceptable to libertarians) can keep a laissez-faire system from destroying itself in a limited world. It is probably their inchoate realization of this truth that leads so many libertarians to deny the reality of limits. If limits can be set aside as some sort of unreality, then growth can continue forever without an increase in the price of money. Everyone can then forever prosper in a free market. The specter that haunts the minds of libertarians and cornucopists is the specter of material limits.

The exorcism of this specter has been greatly aided by a recurrent confusion between material and immaterial resources. Condorcet's book was an account of the progress of the human *mind*; he said that "nature has assigned no limit to the perfecting of the human faculties." This is perhaps true; for the sake of argument let us grant that it is. But where does "mind" fit into the scheme of things? Science deals with three kinds of reality: information, matter, and energy. The second and third are material and are bound by conservation laws. The first, information, is immaterial and is not constricted by conservation. Mind operates in the realm of information.

FROM Condorcet to Simon, compulsive optimists have shown the utmost ingenuity in confusing information with the material aspects of the world. A thesis proved in one realm is surreptitiously transferred to the other. Where nonconservation holds sway limits may not be terribly important; but in the conservative world of matter and energy, limits are central to all disciplined thinking and planning. Economics professors love to tell their students that "there's no such thing as a free lunch," thus expressing an orientation that aligns economics with the natural sciences as a conservative discipline. But the usefulness of economics to commerce, which thrives on providential thinking, corrupts some economists into denying limits and abandoning conservative thinking. Pollyanna becomes the patron saint. Intoxicated with the progress of technology during the past two centuries, some economists now say there must be a free lunch somewhere.

The literary world has long realized that the putative subject of a work of fiction may not be the real subject. It is not so widely recognized, however, that economists and scientists, when they set forth what they conceive to be the policy implications of their disciplines, may also be trying to free themselves through psychoanalysis. Simon puts his confession at the beginning of his book, and he frankly uses the first person. The source of his anxiety is not external, as was Condorcet's, but internal. Simon's mind used to be caught in the Malthusian mode and he was "in the midst of a depression of unusual duration." He escaped this depression by freeing himself of the Malthusian belief that material limits are real. Now he wants to free others—and to find companions. "Some others hold a point of view similar to mine. But there are far too few of us to provide mutual support and comfort. So this is a plea for love, printer's ink, and research grants for our side."

Malthus, a devout and practicing Christian, would not begrudge Simon the love he seeks. But would Malthus—or should we—grant him his other requests? Observation shows that printer's ink and research grants (publicity and power) are bestowed in abundance on the Pollyannas of this world. Simon is being greedy when he asks for more than the plethora he has been receiving since he became a born-again optimist. Cassandra is the one who needs support. If the limits of the material world are real—if Cassandra is right—continued denial of those limits will be disastrous for our descendants.

GARRETT HARDIN

Garrett Hardin, a member of the board of the Environmental Fund and a former professor of human ecology, is the author of *Promethean Ethics: Living With Death, Competition and Triage* (University of Washington Press).

COMING

Helen Vendler on

Anne Sexton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Ambiguous Figure

George Washington Carver: Scientist and Symbol
by Linda O. McMurry

(Oxford University Press; $25)

During the 1930s, when I attended the public schools in Mississippi, the names of only two Negroes appeared in our American history textbooks. (In those days nobody thought of calling them "Blacks" or "Afro-Americans." Indeed, we felt daringly liberal because we used "Negro" rather than a pejorative term, and some of us who could not quite break with our Southern past slurred the pronunciation into "Nigras.") We never read about Denmark Vesey, Nat Turner, Frederick Douglass, Charles W. Chesnutt, or W. E. B. DuBois. Only Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver, both of Tuskegee Institute, were worthy of mention.

Since then, thanks to August Meier, Louis R. Harlan, and other scholars, we have come to know a great deal more about Washington, who remains a major, if controversial, figure in Afro-American history. But Carver, if mentioned at all in the textbooks, receives only passing notice as a black scientist who "invented" peanut butter. *George Washington Carver: Scientist and Symbol*, by Linda O. McMurry, who teaches history at Valdosta State College in Georgia, is the first scholarly, critical biography of this nearly forgotten figure. This instructive and useful book does much to explain both why Carver was once so prominent and why he is now virtually ignored.

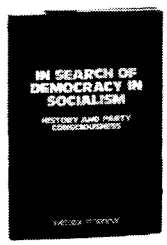
Born a slave in Missouri just before the end of the Civil War, Carver never knew who his father was, and his mother was kidnapped when he was an infant. Raised mostly by white families in Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Carver exhibited a precocious interest in geology and botany and demonstrated some talent as a painter. "He is a pleasant and intelligent man to talk with," observed the editor of a Kansas newspaper in 1888, "and were it not for his dusky skin—no fault of his—he might occupy a different sphere to which his ability would otherwise entitle him." At the age of about 26, Carver enrolled at Iowa State College, where he was the only black student. Despite incredible hardships, he managed to work his way through college, and he did graduate work in agronomy and mycology of such distinction that Professor James Wilson, a future United States Secretary of Agriculture, called him "by all means the ablest student we have here."

In 1896 Booker T. Washington lured Carver to the Tuskegee Institute, which remained his academic base for the rest of his long life. Explaining his decision to leave the more secure and remunerative Northern academic world, Carver declared: "It has always been the one ideal of my life to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of 'my people' possible. . . . Education is the key to unlock the golden door of freedom to our people."

Carver's career at Tuskegee is hard to evaluate. Certainly Carver himself did little to help his future biographer. Though vain and fond of publicity, he was also an intensely secretive man, who left few records of his inner life. He never married and had no family except for his "boys," as he called the considerable number of young men—initially all blacks, but later also including a surprising number of Southern whites—who fell under his spell and with whom he carried on long, avuncular correspondence.

Professor McMurry's task as biographer is further complicated by the fact that Carver's greatest strength was his teaching and lecturing. What makes any teacher successful is hard to determine; college catalogues, student notebooks, and even newspaper reports of lectures fail to recreate the magic moment when a speaker inspires his listeners. Yet there is no doubt that Carver was a magnetic and successful professor. Though occasionally in his later years his public performances "degenerated into petty, ego-bolstering exhibitionism, as when he would play the piano, paint, and recite poetry simultaneously," he had a genuine gift for teaching. Even Booker T. Washington, who often quarreled with Carver and sometimes sharply censured him, had to admit: "You are a great teacher, a

Recommended Titles From Prometheus

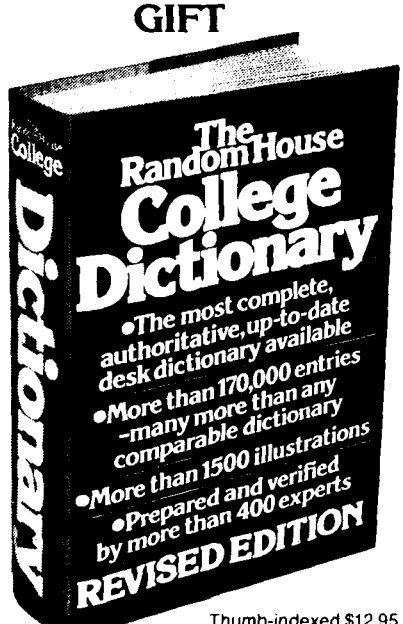


IN SEARCH OF DEMOCRACY IN SOCIALISM
Svetozar Stojanović
"...this volume should become as much a must for every undergraduate as the Communist Manifesto..."
—*Choice*
$16.95 Cloth

THE POLITICS OF PROCRUSTES
Antony Flew
"A stimulating reassessment of conventional notions of 'equality'..."
—*Choice*
$16.95 Cloth

Prometheus Books
700 East Amherst St.
Buffalo, New York 14215

THE *Smart* GIFT


The Random House College Dictionary
•The most complete, authoritative, up-to-date desk dictionary available
•More than 170,000 entries —many more than any comparable dictionary
•More than 1500 illustrations
•Prepared and verified by more than 400 experts
REVISED EDITION

Thumb-indexed $12.95
Regular edition $11.95
Deluxe edition $14.95

Now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

Publishers of *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged Edition*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great lecturer, a great inspirer of young men and old men."

Much easier to document are Carver's weaknesses, and for this reason Professor McMurry's biography is a generally, if perhaps unintentionally, negative appraisal. Carver was "almost completely inept at administrative duties" relating to the agricultural experiment station at Tuskegee, which he headed for many years. A touchy and quarrelsome colleague, he fought with nearly everybody at the institute and did everything he could to escape his regular classroom duties and to shirk his experimental work in the laboratory. Though remarkably skillful in interpreting and publicizing the work of others, "Carver did not excel in any single branch" of the agricultural work to which he devoted himself during his early years at Tuskegee. Later, though often billed as the "creative chemist," who conjured up amazing new products from peanuts, cowpeas, and sweet potatoes, "he failed to make any breakthroughs that were both original and commercially valuable." Secretive and suspicious, he "kept no detailed records so that others could build upon his work and usually refused to share his processes even verbally." Indeed, Professor McMurry concludes, "from hindsight, any claims that he was a scientist at all seem specious."

Why, then, did George Washington Carver seem such an important figure to Americans, both black and white, during the 1920s and 1930s? First, as Dr. McMurry shows, he had a genius for publicity. During the Great Depression, before audiences in the poorest section of the country, he told his listeners of new products to be derived from the most ordinary and unlikely sources. From peanuts and dandelions he would develop not merely foods, but dyes, stains, and paints; from wood ashes and native clays, he would alchemize toilet powders, face creams, and cleansing powders; from sweet potatoes he would extract synthetic rubber; from wood shavings he would develop a synthetic marble; from palmetto roots he would create a veneer, insulation boards, black paint, and several wood stains; from an emulsion of creosote and peanuts he would concoct a remedy for coughs, sore throats, bronchitis, catarrh, and pulmonary and stomach troubles. Beguiled by this shabbily dressed old man with the high falsetto voice, listeners never questioned whether these discoveries were original or practical. They went home convinced of Carver's basic premises "that nature produced no waste and even the poorest man could improve his living conditions through the proper use of natural resources."

Then, too, as Dr. McMurry admirably shows, Carver served as a symbol—a marvelously ambiguous symbol that could find acceptance by all groups in society. He was, on the one hand, the man of science and learning; but he disarmed criticism in the fundamentalist South by acknowledging that he was able to make his scientific discoveries only "through Christ who strengtheneth me." Throughout his life he exhibited an ambivalence toward race. "On the one hand he rejected the validity of race as a category," Professor McMurry explains; "on the other he expressed a solidarity with 'his people.'" The ambivalence permitted him simultaneously to soothe Southern whites by scrupulously observing, without complaint, the absurdities of racial segregation and to demonstrate to Afro-Americans that a black man of humble origins could achieve greater national power and influence than most Southern whites. He gave emotional support to some of his "boys" who flirted with radical causes and even talked of moving to the Soviet Union himself, but he wrote and said nothing that threatened the traditional planter-businessman domination of the Southern economy. As Dr. McMurry astutely summarizes: "His success both instilled black pride and soothed segregationist consciences, and also gave hope to those left out of the American dream while justifying the position of the successful."

It was only appropriate that, in the same year, Carver received a citation of merit from the Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Spingarn medal of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The all-purpose black for Americans in the 1920s and 1930s, Carver earned his place in the textbooks of the period, but, as Dr. McMurry's solid biography shows, he is no longer part of our usable past.

David Herbert Donald

David Herbert Donald is chairman of the graduate program in the history of American civilization at Harvard.

The Awkward Age

The Adolescent Idea: Myths of Youth and the Adult Imagination by Patricia Meyer Spacks

(Basic; $16.50)

The Adolescent: A Psychological Self-Portrait by Daniel Offer, Eric Ostrov, and Kenneth I. Howard

(Basic; $14.95)

Vivienne: The Life and Suicide of an Adolescent Girl by John E. Mack and Holly Hickler

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

Like a lot of adolescents, I was always on the lookout for soul mates in books since I despaired of finding them in life. One of the last and most unlikely literary alteregos I discovered was Edmund Spenser's heroine Britomart, an unhappy maiden in the *Faerie Queen* whose plight impressed me more as a portrait of my own trials than as a 16th-century allegory of love. Britomart's youthful anguish began when she spied the image of an ideal knight in her father Merlin's magic crystal ball. From that time forth, her days and nights were full of pining, wailing, weeping, sighing. I pined with her—for a whole world of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unrealizable ideals and aspirations, not just for an unattainable knight. And when Britomart's devoted nurse anxiously probed, "Why make ye such Monster of your mind?" I knew how impossible that question was to answer—how a grownup wouldn't understand. I wasn't sure I could myself.

FOR A LONG time in literature and forever in life, adolescents have been a mystery to themselves and to their elders—now monsters, now heroes, usually an energetic breed with traits of both. Wholesome and pimply, altruistic and self-absorbed, full of ideals and also of appetites, they have fought with adults and they have fascinated them. Grownups began writing both fiction and nonfiction exploring the awkward stage long before the term adolescence had the cultural currency it now enjoys—back when "young people" were "youths." Six adults pursue the subject in three books this fall. By far the best of them is *The Adolescent Idea* by Patricia Meyer Spacks, an English professor at Yale. She examines major English novelists' treatments of adolescents from the 18th century to the present in conjunction with nonfiction written about youth. The psychological research team of Daniel Offer, Eric Ostrov, and Kenneth Howard takes a more empirical approach in the survey *The Adolescent*; they analyze over 15,000 adolescents' responses to a "self-image questionnaire" and come up with a composite portrait of the American teenager. In *Vivienne* psychiatrist John Mack and his collaborator Holly Hickler, an English teacher, venture nearer still to the secretive adolescent soul; they peruse the journals and letters left by a 9th-grade girl who committed suicide. The mystery of that time of life when peace has fled and poise is nowhere in sight proves difficult to plumb.

Professor Spacks claims what millions of misunderstood adolescents would confirm—that "the ambiguities inherent in the adolescent state allow adults to project fears, hopes, and accurate or distorted memories onto their juniors." Accordingly, she reads three centuries of fiction and nonfiction for answers to the question not "What is adolescence?" but "How has adolescence been perceived, remembered, imagined?" Professor Spacks ventures away from her familiar fictional terrain and applies her interpretive skills to nonfiction about adolescents—tracts, manuals, essays, and psychological studies. Those texts, she discovers, teach more about their adult authors' ambivalence toward adolescents than about teenagers themselves. With subtlety and insight, she explores the various uneasy mixtures of hope and fear, wistful admiration and wary disapproval, willingness to relinquish authority and desire to control, that adults have expressed toward their large juniors ever since the 18th century.

Professor Spacks also tends to her own field, fiction. One of those rare critics still interested in novels' social themes as well as narrative structures, she has found a particularly fruitful social subject in adult views of youth; her treatment of an array of novels as "complex and evocative" illustrations of grownup attitudes toward adolescents is observant and original. But her assumption that a selection of major novels can be considered "evidence of cultural fact," much like nonfiction, is not convincing. (Social historians would advise her at least to consult the popular best-sellers, not the classics of fiction, in her search for representative clues to the "social mythology" adults have dreamed up around the mystery of adolescence.) Ironically enough, novelists may in fact be out of touch with typical grownup attitudes toward teenagers—precisely because they, unlike most adults, tend to have an unusual amount in common with adolescents themselves.

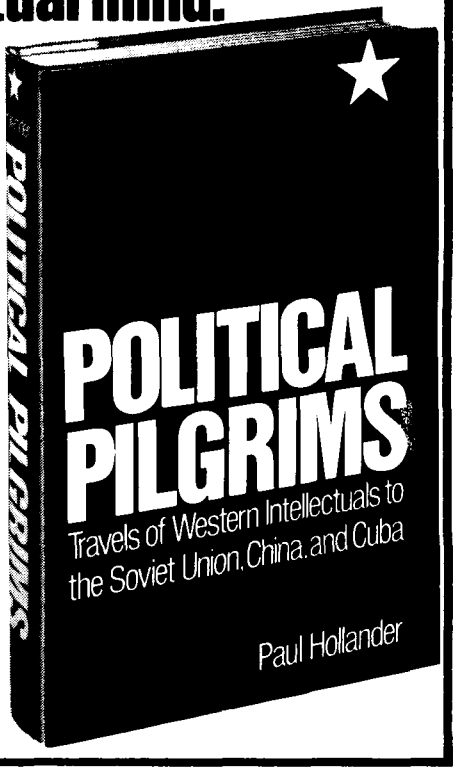
PROFESSOR Spacks herself sketches outlines of the special affinity between novelists and adolescents. Since the 18th century, novelists have written for a largely youthful (and female) middle-class audience. And for three centuries they have written about adolescents with notable frequency, inspired by an array of distinctively youthful qualities: the vitality of youths' imaginations, the strength of their passions, the drama of their fluctuating decisions about the selves they are creating, and the ambivalence of their relation to the social world they haven't yet fully joined. These attributes no doubt appeal to novelists because such traits prompt good plots and interest self-absorbed adolescent readers. But they're also popular because novelists themselves possess and are eager to probe them. Unlike most adults, in whom such qualities have waned, novelists (and other artists) have a vocation

"A searing commentary on the Western intellectual mind."
—Robert Nisbet

Why have Western intellectuals, from George Bernard Shaw to Susan Sontag, been irresistibly drawn to revolutionary societies, often at their most repressive historical moments? Paul Hollander suggests provocative answers in "a very thoughtful and much-needed book."—Adam B. Ulam, Harvard University Russian Research Center

"**A very important book**...to be recalled whenever the wonders of the next socialist utopia will be praised by a new set of pilgrims."
—Peter L. Berger, Boston College

$25.00
At your bookstore,
or send your check to:
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Box 900-81-129
200 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016


POLITICAL PILGRIMS
POLITICAL PILGRIMS
Travels of Western Intellectuals to the Soviet Union, China, and Cuba
Paul Hollander

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that entails preserving their imaginative energies and their anomalous relation to the adult social world.

Novelists not only have sought out adolescents; in their novels they also have written about how adolescents seek them out in turn. Professor Spacks observes that various authors emphasize the importance of fiction-reading in their adolescent characters' experience—from young Edward Waverly in Scott's *Waverly* and Catherine Morland in Austen's *Northanger Abbey* who share a passion for fiction, to Joyce's protagonist who not only reads but is a budding creative writer himself. In approving of fiction (as moralists emphatically have not), authors show that novels and novelists, not ordinary grownups, are the best teachers—and friends—of youth. Novels appeal to adolescents by encouraging wide imaginative sympathies and adventurous energies; and they ultimately teach moderation by their imaginative examples far better than adults can by their stern, settled ways.

That authoritative American adolescent, Holden Caulfield, might well have emboldened Professor Spacks to emphasize the special affinity more than she does. "What really knocks me out," he announces, "is a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it." Of course not all authors measure up, but how many ordinary adults could expect to be an adolescent's idea of a terrific friend?

Certainly not Drs. Offer, Ostrov, and Howard, who may think they're the type teenagers trust, but who show themselves to be the kind Holden Caulfield would call phony as hell. Just as Professor Spacks argues, their purportedly empirical analysis reveals more about themselves than about adolescents. Drs. Offer, Ostrov, and Howard insist that they are different from all those adults who are forever "foisting their fears, dreams, fantasies, and wishes" on adolescents and misunderstanding them. Instead the three of them foist a singularly unimaginative questionnaire on teenagers and confidently assume they'll find out all about them. For they have concluded that normal teenagers are confiding, not secretive, with adults—especially if those adults approach them with what the researchers call the proper "interweaving of scientific and empathic postures."

THE RESEARCH team's science and empathy are indeed postures, not the real things—likely to alienate normal teenagers, and guaranteed not to reveal anything about even the most forthcoming adolescent soul. The researchers can't possibly hope to probe the profundities of the adolescent "sexual self" by selecting items like these for teenagers to endorse or deny: "Dirty jokes are fun at times," or "I do not attend sexy shows." And it's unclear what they can conclude about the "coping self" from teenagers' reactions to oddities such as these: "I believe I can tell the real from the fantastic," and "When I am with people I am bothered by hearing strange noises." Such pseudoscience aside, how empathic could three people be who declare their sympathy this way: "it is important that professionals resonate with the conscious experience of people they come into contact with"?

After counting and resonating, Drs. Offer, Ostrov, and Howard announce that adolescence is not that time of unusual "turmoil, dramatic mood swings, and rebellion" that psychological theorists (as well as novelists and the rest of us) imagine it is—nothing so exciting as that. They starchily admit that "there are formidable tasks for young people" during their adolescent years, and even that "sometimes adolescents fail to meet these challenges in an acceptable fashion." But they're quite sure that normal teenagers—not those deliquent and disturbed youths most psychologists know—really are tame, not troubled, creatures, whose "formidable tasks" are not so different from adults'. These "confident, happy, and self-satisfied" beings sound like clones of the researchers' own evidently staid selves. Drs. Offer, Ostrov, and Howard seem to have found a reassuring mirror and missed the mystery of adolescence.

Certainly if 14-year-old Vivienne, whose life and suicide John Mack and Holly Hickler reconstruct, had happened to waste her time filling out the self-image questionnaire, she would have left few clues about her inner life and future act. After all, even her family and her favorite teacher never recognized the extent of her unhappiness, and they had the far better evidence of her daily life to go on. In part they weren't paying close attention, distracted by the dramas of their own lives, but mostly Vivienne didn't let them know. To all appearances she "was not an odd or strange child," the authors write. Every day she gave evidence of "her humor, her wisdom and empathy." Even Vivienne's private journals and most personal letters, the best possible clues to her inner life, did not strike professional psychiatrists as "the writing of a depressed child, much less of one who had committed suicide."

ALTHOUGH he emphasizes the mystery of Vivienne's soul, John Mack nonetheless tries to analyze her troubles in retrospect. He too confirms Professor Spacks's view that such diagnoses reveal adults concerns, not just adolescent ones. "Low self-esteem was at the heart of Vivienne's depression," Dr. Mack judges, and was caused by "exalted ego-deal expectations." Certainly Vivienne's writing attests to dauntingly high standards for herself and others; but then idealism is common in adolescents who never come close to killing themselves. Dr. Mack's emphasis on disappointed ideals appears to derive not just from observations of Vivienne but from a preoccupation of his own as well; he suddenly intrudes to worry aloud about adult failures to protect their sensitive young from "too much evidence of the moral depredations and pain of the larger world, from assaults of the mass media, especially television"—although such assaults surely weren't what depressed Vivienne and such solicitude as Dr. Mack shows wouldn't have helped save her. It's not even clear that Vivienne herself was sure she needed saving until it was too late. "I don't love life," she ominously wrote in her journal; but she continued, "I just love that little bit of life that touches my ideal one. It's my ideal life I love and try to live and introduce into

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. EMMET

A treasury of unique mind-stretching puzzles that can be solved by straight, logical thinking and reasoning. No specialized math. Offers the pleasure of discovering solutions through the use of integrity, imagination, insight, and logic. Stimulates and refreshes the mind. Fascinating, entertaining puzzles, arranged in order of difficulty, with (some amazing) explanations at the end of the book. ILLUSTRATED. Order now: Only $9.95 plus $1.25 handling. N.Y. State residents add sales tax. 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee.

EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 139-G
Buchanan, New York 10511

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lives of others." These sentences—beginning in flat denunciation, then quickening in an upward and forward motion of hope—trace one of the countless swings of Vivienne's soul. Who could know that one fall afternoon she suddenly would swing down from a water pipe in her mother's studio and hang herself?

Why do adolescents make such monsters, and also such heroes, of their minds? What is the awkward transition from childhood to adulthood really like? As Professor Spacks argues, there are many imaginative answers adults can dream up, but few empirical ones they can discover, being on ambivalent terms with ungainly youths. Novelists, more often attuned to them than parents or social scientists, may well imagine the best answers of all, and be able to tell both generations more about the mystery than either can ever hope to make the other understand.

ANN HULBERT

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: THE NEW REPUBLIC. A. Publication number 286583. 2. Date of filing: October 1, 1981. 3. Frequency of issue: weekly, except 1/3, 7/11, 8/8, 8/29. A. Number of issues published annually: 48. B. Annual subscription price: $32.00. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. 5. Location of general business offices of the publishers: 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: James K. Glassman, 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. Editor: Martin H. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. Managing Editor: Hendrik Hertzberg, 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. 7. Owner: Name: Martin H. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036; Anne L. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW #200, Washington, DC 20036. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1% or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None. 9. Not applicable. 10. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total no. copies printed: 105,420. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors: 2,479. 2. Mail subscription: 95,574. C. Total paid circulation: 98,053. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,044. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): 99,097. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 592. 2. Returns from news agents: 5,731. G. Total (sum of E and F should equal net press run shown in A): 105,420. Actual number of copies of a single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total no. copies printed: 124,626. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors: 6,240. 2. Mail subscription: 93,034. C. Total paid circulation: 99,274. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 832. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): 100,106. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 560. 2. Returns from news agents: 23,960. G. Total (sum of E and F should equal net press run shown in A): 124,626. 11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. J. Kristine Klasman, Controller.

BRIEF REVIEW

Old Glory: An American Voyage by Jonathan Raban

(Simon & Schuster; $14.95)

"It is as big and depthless as the sky itself. You can see the curve of the earth on its surface as it stretches away for miles to the far shore." Jonathan Raban's promiscuous and changeable Mississippi is far removed from Mark Twain's river but no less a prompter of self-awareness and humility. While sailing a simple 16-foot boat from its source near Minneapolis to its swampy gothic end in the Gulf of Mexico, Raban quietly becomes the very likable hero of this ragged adventure and introduces several marvelous and mean souls who live near the shore, in Red Wing, Wabasha, Prairie du Chien, Baton Rouge, St. Louis, Vicksburg, Memphis.

British, he calls himself "a stranger in the American living room." Some of his observations are those of an amazed outsider: "Nothing does so much justice to the gargantuan scale of American life as its national weather maps. . . . I was enthralled by the epic sweep of the whole weather systems as they rolled across the country. . . ." But the middle of the country as he sees it might be strange to many natives. There are more bigots and drunks and depressed people than one would like to think. Of the many born-again Christians he encounters, he says they have ". . . not simply a yearning for a lost theological innocence but rather an ache to return to a specific period of American history." Raban made his trip in 1979 while the hostages were still in Iran but that does not totally account for the pessimism. Repeatedly he hears frustration. A factory worker in Davenport says, "We're groveling in front of every welfare stranger and refugee we can find. . . ." Nonetheless this same man proudly shows Raban his beautiful caged flower garden, an embattled Eden, typical, unfortunately, of too many of the places through which the Mississippi flows.

When Raban moves in with a woman in St. Louis, their relationship, ended almost before its begun, takes on the gray cast of so many of the deserted cities through which Raban passes. Hope flees, and the tide seems overpowering against human fraility. Yet there is enough passion in Raban's fellow lovers of the river and in Raban himself to make the river a continuous source of inspiration. The results are images like this one: "The junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio was a confluence of thick machine oil and rosewater."

In one of the best vignettes, Raban stays with a musty old man, a "Charon come to life," who from a stilt house keeps his eyes peeled on the river. He runs a successful business from his docks, collects junk from the water and the shore, and talks on about this natural force that shaped his life. Then there is an ailing couple whose son just died and whose trailer camp was destroyed. They fished. Every night they baited hooks on their two fishing lines—one with 500 hooks and the other with 1,000. At daybreak they pulled in the night's catch and made do on the tiny profits. They barely complained.

Raban bestows dignity on all those he describes—petty or grand—and he does the same to the river. He is much more than a travel writer. There are many short stories, some poems, a self-portrait, an essay on American history, and much river lore in this tale of a remarkable voyage.

VALERIE BROOKS

Valerie Brooks is senior editor of *Channels* magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 7*

Zimbabwe and the coming to office of Robert Mugabe, one of Africa's respected leaders.

"Holy Fools" makes it sound treasonous for churches to raise questions about the current international economic system. Most of the nations of the world recognize the need for a new economic "social contract" to eradicate the injustices of the present economic order. Surely churches should use their voice and influence to try to create just economic and social systems that serve people's needs.

Timothy H. Smith, Executive Director
Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility
New York, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic Classifieds

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature, and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your VISA/MasterCard # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Wednesday issue date. Phone orders accepted with VISA/MasterCard only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Astrology

REVEREND PHYLLIS MICHELE
Psychic Consultant
PAST PRESENT FUTURE
ASTROLOGY TAROT PSYCHOMETRY
3 Questions-$10, Send Self-addressed stamped envelope, (include birthdate): 1850 N.E. 207 St., Miami, Fla. 33179
Private Appointment (305) 932-7808
"HIGH DEGREE OF ACCURACY"

Business Opportunities

Greyhounds for sale. Race your own dogs. Tax advantages. Brenner, 25 Myrtle Street, Medford, MA 02155.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

GOODBY NEW DEAL/HELLO RAW DEAL bumpersticker $1.00 each postage-paid c/o Timely Stickers, P.O. Box 3707, Washington, DC 20037.

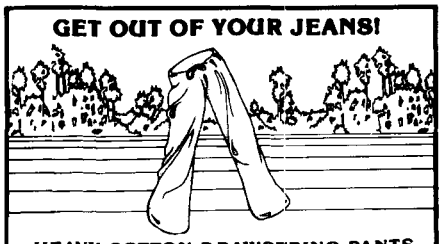
BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop). Lowest Movement prices (since 1961!). Largest variety social awareness items in stock for immediate shipment. Free catalog. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

Causes

Ronald Reagan's calling card. Impressive item. Always good to have on hand. Send $1 and S.A.S.E. to Terry Press**1C, P.O. Box 8028, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

Clothing

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!



HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable Comfort in: *Natural • Sky Blue • Navy Russet • Plum • Black*
State Hip/Waist Measurements
— $15 postpaid —
Free Catalogue and Swatches
DEVA. A COTTAGE INDUSTRY
BOX NRT, BURKITTSVILLE, MD 21718

Colleges/Universities

Computerized EDUCATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE guarantees minimum five individually-tailored financial aid sources $39. Free info/dataform write E.S.S., P.O. Box 561, Tenafly, NJ 07670.

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Employment Opportunities

Escape City Problems working with leading Corporation. Wide choice of TOWNS. Reduced cost housing. Newsletter/requirements at $3 cost. Personnel, Box 2895, Orangehurst Station, Fullerton, CA 92633.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to **HOTLINE** information on current international employment opportunities every month. Send me:
☐ (US) $26.00 One year subscription
☐ (US) $18.00 Six month subscription
☐ (US) $13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Name _____
Address _____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Include (US) $5.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada send with payment to: International Employment Hotline, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

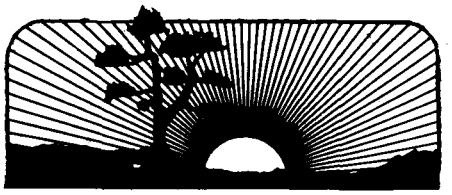
Financial

How NOT to Make a Million Dollars in Mail Order
by OUR FOUNDER
The long-awaited definitive morograph by the nation's top authority. Illustrated by Joan Kay.
OUR FOUNDER
WRY IDEA CO., San Diego, CA 92122-0408
$4.95,ppd.
714/452-7465

Gardening Tools

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS
Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Dept. N77, Palo Alto, CA 94301



The Great Escapes

Ski Sugarbush, VT—Luxurious 5 bedroom townhouse. 2 bathrooms plus sauna. Near slopes. Fully furnished. Reasonable rates. 4219 Dandridge Terrace, Alexandria, VA 22304.

ST. THOMAS-Efficiency rooms, with kitchenette, private patio, in quiet villa at resort hotel. Beach, pools, tennis. Unique $600 weekly. C. Sagar, Box 6396 NR, St. Thomas, USVI 00801.

THE TAMWORTH INN—Come home to New Hampshire. Spend a traditional Thanksgiving or Christmas in Tamworth, an off-the-beaten-track New England village. $10 discount through December for New Republic readers. For reservations call (603) 323-7721.

The adventurer's alternative...
SPECIAL PROGRAMS TO THE USSR
- **Cross-Country Skiing, Feb 12—26**
- **Siberia & Mongolia, Apr 22—May 14**
- **Hiking, Alps & Caucasus, Jul 24—Aug 23**
- **Professional and Educational Groups**

Find out more: Citizen Exchange Council 18 E. 41 St. New York, NY 10017 (212) 889-7960

Instruction

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail. Legitimate, prestigious, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 9301-CH North Highway One, Mendocino, CA 95460.

Learn how literature, art and music can turn life's dissatisfactions into self-knowledge and awareness. Free brochure: Know-Thyself, 2318 Lindenmere Drive, Merrick, NY 11566.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE by Derek Humphry. Guide to self-deliverance for the dying. Sold to Hemlock members. Stamped-addressed envelope for details: Hemlock, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Literary Services

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Current Catalog—$2.00; Free searches. J. HOOD BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300, Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113-0300.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

Note Cards

10 ink drawings. Wildflowers of Rocky Mountains or southwest mesas, includes envelopes. $4.50 a set, $8.00 for both. Snow Blossom, P.O. Box 1012, Los Almos, NM 87544.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal

Boston area male to female transsexual, pre-operative, middle-30's, professional, seeks understanding and discreet female companion to assist in transition. TNR 9920.

FREE SINGLES LIST!!! Send stamp. Love, Box 1224 (NR), Venice, CA 90291.

MINNEAPOLIS-Shy, handsome writer, 29, seeks woman interested in ideas. TNR 9930.

NEW! EXCITING! Find other cultured singles through Fine Arts Network! Intelligent professionals nationwide—all ages, free information: Box 4714RM, Cleveland, OH 44126.

BEYOND MONOGAMY, open relationships newsletter/networking facilitator. Features interviews, letters from readers. $9/yr., sample $1.00. Box 6877-NR, Denver, CO 80206.

Are you a homelover without a house, a gardener without a garden, an over-sixty intelligent man without a woman for cherishing? Box 17002, Pittsburgh 15235.

LIVING TOGETHER? Sample Cohabitational Agreement. Genderless, non-exploitive, professionally drafted. $4.00. CO/HAB, 74-A Cedar Acres Drive, Lancaster, PA 17602.

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Details: Scannaclub/9C, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

Property Sale/Rent

Tucson Arizona: Buy homes, land, etc. Free Information. Reputable Roy Long Realty. M. J. Barrett, 5671 N. Oracle Rd. 85704.

Publications

Who *Really* Ran The Anderson Campaign?

Photo - A. Ceppoli

Now Available
Crazy Dreaming-The Anderson Campaign 1980
By
George Golubovskis
$4.95 + $1.00 Shipping
(Mich. resident add 4% tax)
allow 4-6 weeks delivery

Talking Seal Press Dept. A, P.O. Box 4301 Flint, MI 48504

THE HIDDEN & DEADLY TRUTH ABOUT CRIME & CRIMINALS!!!

IN THIS PROPHETIC WORK, THE AUTHOR HAS WRITTEN A FACTUAL AND BRUTAL BOOK, FILLED WITH VIOLENCE. HE HAS ASSESSED THE CRIMINALITY NOW RAGING OUT OF CONTROL ACROSS THE LAND & PREDICTS ANARCHIAL DOMINION, WHEN SOCIETY-AS WE KNOW IT WILL END! DO YOU WANT THIS??

IN 275 STARK PAGES, AUTHOR WILLIAM L. PARHAM, IDENTIFIES THE SPECIFIC CAUSES, EFFECTS, AND ALL THAT MUST BE DONE -- IF THE THREAT IS TO BE ENDED, A LAWFUL SOCIETY RESTORED, AND CRIME COSTS, NOW IN EXCESS OF $160,000,000,000 ANNUALLY REDUCED TO LEVELS WITHIN REASON! DO YOU CARE ENOUGH TO HELP???

WRITTEN FOR LAYMEN, AS WELL AS POLICE, COURT AND CORRECTIONAL AGENCIES, THIS SEMINAL WORK MUST NOT BE MISSED BY SURVIVAL-ORIENTED CITIZENS!.....$13.95

AVAILABLE AT LEADING BOOKSELLERS IN NOVEMBER, OR ORDER FROM THE PUBLISHER: VERITAS PUBLICATIONS, P.O. BOX 4418, ARLINGTON, VA. 22204. TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

Recipes

SWISS CARROT CAKE-Healthful, sinfully delicious! SASE + $3 to TNR 9925.

VEGETARIAN hi-protein recipes. $2. Darlene, 633 E. Pedregosa, Santa Barbara, CA 93103.

Fifteen Easy, Delicious, Vegetarian Quiche recipes, plus crust tips. Send $3.00 to: VQR, 3312 Dahlia Lane, Eugene, OR 97404.

Religion

101 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00 DISCOVERY, Box 20331-NR, West Valley, UT 84120.

For Sale

500,000+ Filmusic soundtrack Lps! Catalog—$1.00. RTSW, Box 687, Costamesa, CA 92627.

Services

Convince! DRA will transform your raw data into collar-grabbing promotion material, market studies, reports that speak up to make a point. Diamond Research Associates. (212) 251-5639.

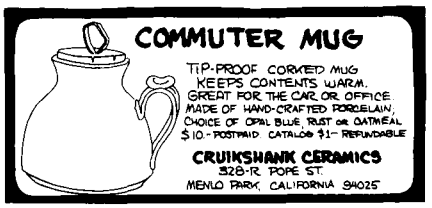
Lonely? Bored? Charming, personal letters to you. 4/$1. Wilner, 2355 Polk, San Francisco 94109.

T-Shirts

SOLIDARNOŚĆ T-Shirts. Show support for Polish union struggle. Red letters on White or Light Blue. S,M,L,XL. 100% cotton. $6.50 ea., plus $1.50 for shipping. Send check or money order to: KEN-MARCO, P.O. Box 1978, Monterey, CA 93940.

Etc.

COMPARE!!! Output - Price 32 Ionizers. Modulion $69.95. NEWION, 3045 North Troy, Chicago 60618.


COMMUTER MUG
TIP-PROOF CORKED MUG KEEPS CONTENTS WARM. GREAT FOR THE CAR OR OFFICE. MADE OF HAND-CRAFTED PORCELAIN. CHOICE OF OPAL BLUE, RUST OR OATMEAL. $10.- POSTPAID. CATALOG $1- REFUNDABLE
CRUIKSHANK CERAMICS
328-R POPE ST.
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA 94025

MATCHBOOKS. 20 different. San Francisco's leading restaurants, nite clubs, hotels, etc. Send $2.95 (postage included). Matchmart, Box 69, Olema, CA 94950.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!—Improve your grades!—Research catalog—306 pages—10,278 topics—Rush $1.00—Box 25918NR, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Deter burglars with alarm warning stickers. 4/$2.00, 8/$3.00. DECAL B, P.O. Box 42065, Washington, DC 20015.

THE DEVIL LIVES! Complete church approved EXORCISM rites illustrated A.D. 1619. $2.00 post paid. Felix De Cola, 736 N. Martel Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. N, S.F., CA 94131

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Condemned

I'VE BEEN CONFINED to bed for the past few weeks and, unable to concentrate much on reading, I'm therefore also condemned to watching television. It's the path of least resistance for a feverish body and sluggish mind. I'm continually turning the dial in search of entertainment. The educational channel, which I assumed designed its programs for folks like me, always seems to be airing a show about animals or some how-to hour on gardening; and, though I think of myself as a film buff, there's a limit to how many old Hedy Lamarr or Errol Flynn movies I can take. Cambridge, sadly, has not been wired for cable, so I can't tell whether its promise to satisfy every audience, however small and discriminating, is being realized. I wish I had some of the new video technology which, it's said, could bring anything ever put on cassettes right into my sickroom. But we're not that kind of family; color TV is still a novelty around here.

WITH MILLIONS of other Americans, I do most of my switching among the local affiliates of the three networks. None of these has a distinctive personality; no show is really different from another, and no commercial either. Delirium is the rule. Doubtless that is what TV executives think will excite people who, they assume, lead flat lives. But the unrelenting frenzy actually becomes a tedium so numbing that it finally is hard to distinguish the trivial from the significant. When everything is momentous, nothing is. Watching the tube you might think that there is no discovery more thrilling than when some *schlemiel* who can't sleep after drinking "real" coffee finds that Brim decaffeinated tastes . . . well, you guessed it, exactly like . . . "real" coffee! Newton couldn't have been more exhilarated when he discovered that apples fall from trees. An equally stunning moment is the revelation to an excitable housewife that a detergent, daringly named ERA, can free her from the tenacious tyranny of grease stains.

WITH THOMAS JEFFERSON I believe we'd be better off less informed than misinformed as we are. So I take some comfort from a recent *Wall Street Journal* report that NBC can't persuade its 250 affiliates to air one hour of network news instead of the present half-hour. Thirty minutes is preferable to sixty, since TV news comes to us from men and women who know little and understand even less. But if you haven't seen them improvise, you have not really seen ignorance in full flower. Some have accumulated passable amounts of information over the years, but these few have retired or are about to. The brothers Kalb are the great, even wise, exceptions, and Barbara Walters also has shrewd and idiosyncratic insights. The rest share identical clichés. To be sure, the demands are considerable. One day they are expected to be experts on the supply side, the next on missile defense. Then Sadat gets killed, and suddenly they're called upon to dispense facile little tidbits about the Moslem Brotherhood, Gamal Abdel Nasser, and Egypt's Pharaonic option—pieces of intellectual bric-a-brac from a newsman's cluttered life. They don't know what they're talking about, neither the starchy blonde airheads nor their male mannequin partners. The prize for nonsense this week goes to Diane Sawyer, who told an agreeable Dan Rather that Jordan was once about to intervene militarily against other Arabs in defense of Israel. Hardly one of them failed to suggest, if ever so squeamishly, that Israel was responsible for Sadat's death because it hadn't satisfied the Palestinian grievance. Of course, this was a metaphor, since there's no evidence that Sadat's assassins cared a fig for the Palestinians. Nonetheless, there was much prattling about further pressure on Begin, now to safeguard Mubarak. Exactly what Israeli concessions does Miss Jane Pauley think will bring an end to fratricidal violence in Islam? Does she really think that progress on Palestinian autonomy would have stayed the assassins' bullets?

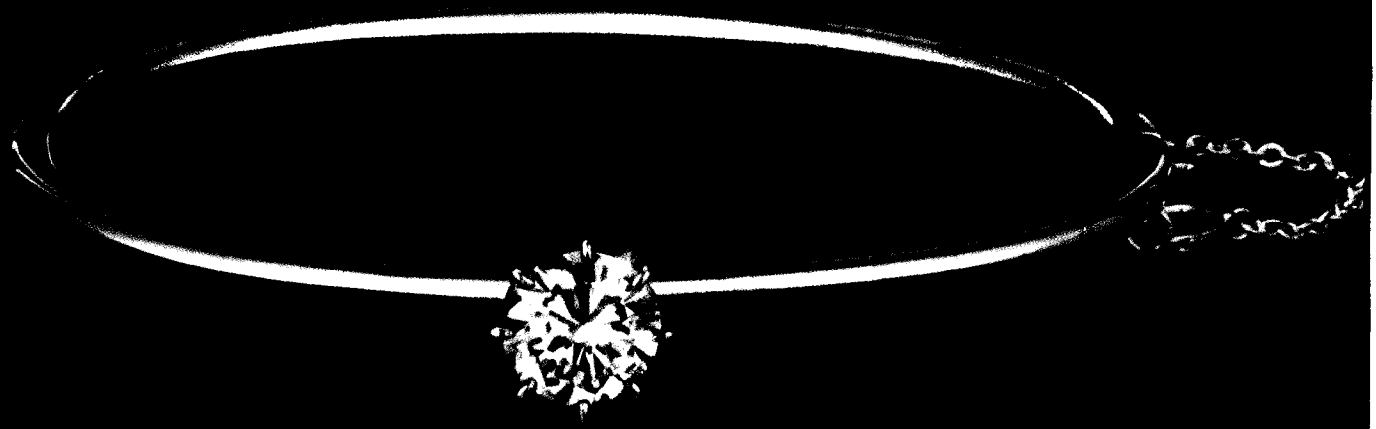
NO ONE has a kind word for Begin, not even TNR in most cases. But it took enormous courage for him and his top three Cabinet colleagues to go to Sadat's funeral. Why, by the way, were Israel's security forces confident they could protect their leaders from assassins while U.S. security feared they couldn't protect ours? The decision to send three former Presidents and Stevie Wonder to Cairo, instead of the sitting President or at least George Bush, is a confession of timidity whose effect won't be undone by the sale of Awacs to Saudi Arabia. One of the apparently dispensable men Reagan sent to Cairo, Jimmy Carter, observed that Begin shouldn't have gone to the funeral because he kept "moderate" Arabs away. These Arabs made Sadat a pariah in life, and if they'd come to the funeral it would have been to divert his successor from the path of peace with Israel. They said they despised Sadat, and they did. But, only days after his death, reports from Western financial markets told of a sudden and vast capital flight from the Arab oil states. So, as long as Sadat lived, they thought their money still safe in the Middle East, safer certainly than with him dead.

WE ARE ALL media critics, but few of us get paid for our avocation. Hodding Carter does. Weekly, on his boring and unfavorably reviewed PBS show, he pontificates on the failures of the press, its lack of objectivity and balance, its biases. So you'd think that when he does a television news special, as he did upon Sadat's death, he'd honor the minimum canons. He doesn't, and much can be said about how. Here's one instance: among his guests were Nadav Safran and Edward Said. Carter introduced Safran as a Harvard government professor and listed his scholarly writings on Egypt and Israel. Carter also thought it worthwhile for his viewers to know that Safran was "a Jew, born in Egypt." Carter introduced Said as "professor of English at Columbia University and author. His books include *Orientalism*, *The Question of Palestine*, and *Covering Islam*, which criticizes U.S. press coverage of the Middle East and how it has prevented an understanding of the peoples, cultures, and aspirations of the area." Carter did not think it worthwhile for his viewers to know that Said is a Jerusalem-born Arab, a member of the P.L.O.'s Palestine National Council, and also adviser to, and speechwriter for, Yasir Arafat. Why did Carter keep this information about Said to himself while making a special point of Safran's Jewishness? As it happens, Safran is a recognized scholar on the Middle East, and Said a partisan. Whose objectivity was Carter trying to enhance, and whose was he trying to taint?

M.P.

PROTECTED BY MAZE SOFTWARE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She can't wear a Ming vase to La Bohème.



Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred
million years ago. Every diamond is unique.
But a diamond this large is even more precious.
A gift so rare, it can never be measured.
Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
A RARE GIFT.

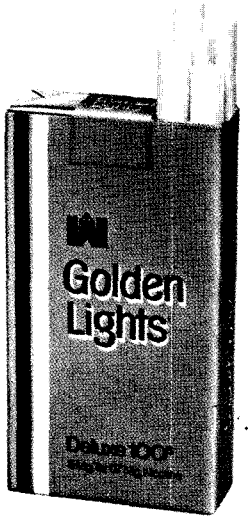
The one and a quarter carat diamond bracelet shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kings Men. & 100s: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Kings Reg.: 8 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Golden DE Lights™



De-lpend on it!

Full. Rich. Delightful. Taste the pleasure.

Kings and 100s. Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1981

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED